

ST. NICHOLAS.

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JEANNETTE AND JO.

By M. M. D.

Two girls I know—Jeannette and Jo,
And one is always moping;
The other lassie, come what may,
Is ever bravely hoping.

Beauty of face and girlish grace
Are theirs, for joy or sorrow;
Jeannette takes brightly every day,
And Jo dreads each to-morrow.

One early morn they watched the dawn—
I saw them stand together;
Their whole day's sport, 't was very plain,
Depended on the weather.

" 'T will storm ! " cried Jo. Jeannette spoke low :
" Yes, but 't will soon be over."
And, as she spoke, the sudden shower
Came, beating down the clover.

" I told you so ! " cried angry Jo ;
" It always *is* a-raining ! "
Then hid her face in dire despair,
Lamenting and complaining.

But sweet Jeannette, quite hopeful yet,—
I tell it to her honor,—
Looked up and waited till the sun
Came streaming in upon her ;

The broken clouds sailed off in crowds,
Across a sea of glory.
Jeannette and Jo ran, laughing, in—
Which ends my simple story.

Joy is divine. Come storm, come shine,
The hopeful are the gladdest ;
And doubt and dread, dear girls, believe
Of all things are the saddest.

In morning's light, let youth be bright ;
Take in the sunshine tender ;
Then, at the close, shall life's decline
Be full of sunset-splendor.

And ye who fret, try, like Jeannette,
To shun all weak complaining ;
And not, like Jo, cry out too soon—
" It always *is* a-raining ! "

THE BEAR AT APPLEDORE.

BY CELIA THAXTER.

MR. BRET HARTE once told you in ST. NICHOLAS so charming a story about a bear, dear children, that I hesitate about giving you mine—which, indeed, is hardly a story at all; but perhaps you may like to hear what I have to tell.

Our bear came from Georgia when he was a tiny baby-bear; but he was n't nice and soft and silky like Mr. Harte's bear,—he was rusty and brown and shaggy and rough, and he looked askance at everybody out of his little eyes, that were as black as beads. I dare say he did not find it at all agreeable to come all the way from Georgia to the Isles of Shoals; and I'm sure he did not find it pleasant after he arrived at his destination. He was tethered to a stick in a grassy space in front of the house, and the children played with him, morning, noon and eve, one whole long summer. Alas! I fear he was often weary of his brief life, and would have been glad never to have been born. For, I am sorry to say, there were many naughty and thoughtless children among those who played with him—unkind boys who poked at him with sticks and rolled him over and over in his helplessness, and teased and tormented him till it was almost too much to be borne. The little girls were kinder; one especially I remember, who used to hold him in her arms as if he had been a big kitten, and lay his dusky head on her shoulder, and put her cheek down against his shaggy crown so tenderly, and sit rocking to and fro on the grass with him hours at a time. And often after she went to bed at night, I would hear her sighing out of the fullness of her heart, "Oh, that dear, dear bear!"

Well, the poor little creature endured his captivity till the eighth day of September, when there came a tremendous storm, with a wind from the south, which was neither more nor less than a hurricane. Windows were blown in, buildings blown down, shingles ripped off roofs in flying flocks—there was a fine tempest! A great copper-colored arch spanned the black sky at eight o'clock in the evening; the sea lifted itself up and flung itself, white with fury, all over the island; and in the midst of the tumult the little bear disappeared. Nobody thought of him, there was such a confusion, everybody trying to save themselves from the fearful wind that had smashed the windows and broken into the houses and was destroying everything, in spite of all we could do. Terror probably gave the baby-bear strength; he tugged wildly at his chain, it broke, and he fled away

through the dark, and when the morning came we could not find him anywhere. Fortunately, the gale only lasted a few hours, and at sunrise next day the sea was calm, except just about the rocks, where it rolled in tremendous breakers and cast clouds of diamond drops up toward the sky. A fishing-schooner had been wrecked at the south side of the island; I went over to look at her. It was not cheerful to see her crushed hull heaving helplessly up and down, and the poor fishermen sadly picking up here and there fragments of ropes, rigging, and fishing-gear which the awful sea had spared them; so I wandered away along the shore, and at last sat down on the edge of a high cliff and admired the great gleaming, sparkling floor of the ocean and the wonderful billows that shattered themselves in splendor between me and the sun. I pushed with my foot a bit of stone over the brink of the crag, and heard it fall below; but, at the same time, I heard another and quite an unexpected sound—a noise hardly to be described, something between a hiss and a whistle, which came up to me from the gorge below. I knew at once it could be nothing but the bear, and leaned over and looked down. Sure enough, there he was, a black heap curled up on a shelf of rock just below me, a few feet out of reach. He looked so comfortable, for it was the sunniest, cosiest nook, and little vines of scarlet pimpernel trailed about him, and plumes of golden-rod waved out of clefts in the rock, and a tall mullein stood up still and straight beside him, its head heavy with thick-set seed-vessels. I was surprised to see him, and very glad, as you may imagine; so I called out, in the most engaging tones, "Good morning, my dear; I'm very glad to see you!" I am pained to say, he looked up at me with an expression of intense cunning and unlimited defiance, and uttered again that shrill, suspicious half hiss, half whistle, which being interpreted might signify "Malediction!" So fierce he looked and savage, with that distrustful sidelong leer out of his black eyes, he was far from being an agreeable object to look at; and as I could not carry him home alone, or even capture him, I was obliged to leave him alone in his glory. But I made a little speech to him over the cliff edge before going away, in which I sympathized with his sorrowful state. "If I only could have had you for my own, poor little bear, you should not have been teased and plagued and had your temper spoiled. Don't cherish resentment against me, I beg of you!

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If you'll only stay here till I come back, I'll bring you something to eat, and lumps of sugar, my dear." And so I went away and left him snarling. But when I went back he had disappeared, and, though we sought for him everywhere, we did not see him again for nearly seven months. I was sure he was alive all the time, snugly stowed away in some deep crevice, sucking his paws, perhaps, which I had been told was a favorite pursuit of bears in the winter season. But my belief was scorned and flouted by the rest of the family. "What!" they cried, "you think that little creature could live in this zero weather so many weeks, so many months, with nothing to eat? Of course he is frozen to death long ago!" But I believed him to be alive all the same; and I was not surprised when, one evening in April, while the sky was warm and crimson with sunset, there rose a cry outside the house, "The bear! the bear!" and from the window I saw him, grown twice as large as he had been in the autumn, clumsily climbing over a stone wall near by. All the men about the house gave chase; but he plunged bravely over the rocks and suddenly disappeared, as a drop of water soaks into the ground, in a large seam in the side of the hill. There they found his cave, all strewn with bones and the feathers of fowls. They could not dislodge him that night; but in the morning they made a business of it, and at last brought him down to the house with a rope around his neck, a most reluctant and indignant quadruped. As there were no children then to tease him, he led a peaceful life for two months, and I tried by the most persevering kindness and attention to make his days less unhappy. I led him about from place to place, selecting new spots in which to fasten him, and feeding him with everything I knew he liked. I even brought him into the house, though he was as large as a Newfoundland dog, and spread a mat for him in the corner; but his temper had really been hopelessly soured in his youth, and though I knew he was delighted in the depths of his heart when he saw me coming with his beloved lumps of sugar, he never could refrain from lifting up the corners of his mouth in that ugly snarl, and uttering his distrustful hiss, till I became quite discouraged. At last he broke his chain again, and disappeared a second time. All summer he kept himself hidden by day, but crept out after sunset, foraging; and he was the terror of all the mothers who came to Appledore, and the children were watched and guarded with the greatest care, lest he should find one and run away with it. But there was n't really any reason for so much alarm. The poor bear was quite as much afraid of human beings as they could be of him.

Summer passed and winter came again, and he buried himself once more in the cave on the hillside and slept till spring. But when he emerged for the second time, behold, he had waxed mighty and terrible to see! With difficulty he was secured, and it was decided that now he was really dangerous and must be disposed of in some way. About a mile and a half from Appledore lies a little island called Londoners, owned by an Irishman, who had built upon it a cottage and fish-house, and lived there with his family. This man was found willing to take care of the bear; a price was agreed upon for his care and keep, and he was tied and put into a boat and rowed over to his new home one pleasant day in early summer, and there left and forgotten by the inhabitants of Appledore. But in August I went over to Londoners, one delicious afternoon, to gather the wild pink morning-glories that grow there in great abundance. I found them running all over the rocks and bushes, up elder and thistle stalks, and I carefully untwisted their strong stems and hung one vine after another over my shoulders till they fell down like a beautiful green cloak to my heels, for by carrying them in that way there was no danger of crushing or injuring the buds and rosy bells that still were open, though it was afternoon. The cool sea air prevents their withering and closing as they do on the mainland, and they keep open all day. I was going toward the beach with my burden, when suddenly I came upon the bear. Oh, but he was a monster! He gave a savage growl when he saw me, an indescribable sound of hatred and wrath, and his eyes glowed red and angry. You may be sure I started back out of his reach in a flash! He was fastened by a heavy chain to a strong stake; he had worn the green grass dry and dead as far as he could pace; he was huge, heavy, horrid. I came away from him as fast as I could. As I passed near the little shanty, there ran out from the door, and stood directly in my path, the most astonishing apparition my eyes had ever beheld.

It was a little girl of about six or seven years old; but *she* was a little monster. She was dressed in a flaming pink calico gown, and over her shoulders tumbled a thicket of dull, carrot-red hair, which looked as if it had never seen a comb,—so dry, so rough, so knotted and tangled, it was hideous. Her flat yellowish face was smeared with molasses, and its ugly dough color mottled with large shapeless freckles. She had the eyes of a little pig, small pale-blue orbs, with red rims; and she opened her broad, expressionless mouth and uttered some words which I vainly strove to understand. Still she kept repeating her incantation, over and over, with the same monotonous tone, till I really began to wonder if she were not some

dreadful little gnome sprung up out of the earth at my feet. I looked about; behind me crouched the dark bulk of the angry bear, before me in the distance I saw my friends pushing off the boat and making ready to depart. Suddenly, my ears having grown accustomed to the savage syllables of the strange being, it flashed on me that she was

large pink toad than a human being. Great was everybody's amusement at the idea of taxing the public for "looking at the bear." All who landed at Londoners, it seemed, were obliged to pay five cents for that privilege!

But the huge fellow was brought back to Appledore in September, and then his enormous strength



"HE WAS FASTENED BY A HEAVY CHAIN TO A STRONG STAKE."

saying, "Five cents for looking at the bear!—five cents for looking at the bear!" precisely as if she were a machine that could do nothing else; and she never stopped saying it till I broke into inextinguishable laughter, and answered her, "My dear Miss Caliban, I have seen the bear before! I did not come to look at the bear; and beside, I have n't brought any money with me, or I would give you some," upon which she turned and hopped back with a motion and clumsiness more like a

and enormous appetite made him anything but an agreeable addition to the family. Every night when it was quite dark and still, and all the inmates of the house asleep, he prowled about, seeking what he might devour. Bolts and bars were nothing to him; such little impediments as windows he minded not in the least, but calmly lumbered through them, taking sash, glass and all as he came. Then he made off with everything he could find in the way of provender, and kept himself

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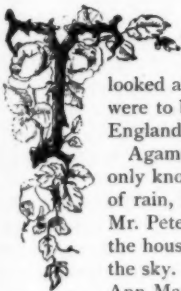
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hidden all day, safely out of sight of men. One night the family had retired early, and all were wrapped in dreams. It was between ten and eleven o'clock, and dark and moonless, when he stole softly beneath the windows of the lower store-room, where were kept barrels of beef, pork and lard, and molasses, &c. He climbed to one of the low windows and set his mighty shoulder against it. Crash! it gave way, and down he plunged, making noise enough to wake the dead. Two women were sleeping above in that part of the house, but they were too frightened to leave their rooms and call assistance; so they lay and trembled while our four-footed friend made himself quite at home below. Oh, but he had a splendid time of it! He extricated great wedges of pork to carry off to his den; he wallowed into the top of the hogshead of lard till he must have been a melting spectacle; he worried the faucet out of the molasses cask and set the thick, sweet stream running all over the floor, and then rolled in it till he must have been a sugar-coated quadruped indeed. Never was a bear in such a paradise! He made expeditions to his den through the broken window, carrying off nearly a barrel of pork, and spent the greater part

of the night in that blissful lake of molasses. But when the morning dawned and the state of things below was investigated, great was the wrath and consternation in Appledore. What was to be done? Evidently this was too expensive a pet to be kept on a desert island; at this rate, he would soon dispose of all the provisions, and most likely finish off with the inhabitants in default of anything better! A dreadful decree went forth—that bear must die! He was, indeed, too dangerous in his fearful strength to be allowed to live. But to find him—there was a difficulty! One of the men was shingling on the highest roof; he looked about him, and afar off, curled in a green, turfy hollow, he saw the large dark mass of Bruin's body lying, like the Sybarite he was, steeping himself in sunshine, after his night's orgy in the store-room. Somebody was sent out with a rifle-pistol, and before he knew that danger was near, the sun had ceased to shine for that poor bear. It was so instantaneous he hardly felt his death, and I was glad to know that, at last, all his troubles were over; but I was sorry he had ever left the wilds of Georgia to take up his abode with us at the Isles of Shoals.

THE PETERKINS' PICNIC.

BY LUCRETIA P. HALE.



HERE was some doubt about the weather. Solomon John looked at the "Probabilities;" there were to be "areas" of rain in the New England States.

Agamemnon thought if they could only know where were to be the areas of rain, they might go to the others. Mr. Peterkin proposed walking round the house in a procession, to examine the sky. As they returned, they met Ann Maria Bromwich, who was to go,

much surprised not to find them ready.

Mr. and Mrs. Peterkin were to go in the carry-all, and take up the lady from Philadelphia, and Ann Maria, with the rest, was to follow in a wagon, and to stop for the daughters of the lady from Philadelphia. The wagon arrived, and so Mr. Peterkin had the horse put into the carry-all.

A basket had been kept on the back piazza for some days, where anybody could put anything that would be needed for the picnic, as soon as it was

thought of. Agamemnon had already decided to take a thermometer. Somebody was always complaining of being too hot or too cold at a picnic, and it would be a great convenience to see if she really were so. He thought now he might take a barometer, as "Probabilities" was so uncertain. Then, if it went down in a threatening way, they could all come back.

The little boys had tied their kites to the basket. They had never tried them at home; it might be a good chance on the hills. Solomon John had put in some fishing-poles; Elizabeth Eliza a book of poetry. Mr. Peterkin did not like sitting on the ground, and proposed taking two chairs, one for himself and one for anybody else. The little boys were perfectly happy; they jumped in and out of the wagon a dozen times, with new India-rubber boots bought for the occasion.

Before they started, Mrs. Peterkin began to think she had already had enough of the picnic, what with going and coming, and trying to remember things. So many mistakes were made. The

things that were to go in the wagon were put in the carry-all, and the things in the carry-all had to be taken out for the wagon! Elizabeth Eliza forgot her water-proof, and had to go back for her veil, and Mr. Peterkin came near forgetting his umbrella.

Mrs. Peterkin sat on the piazza and tried to think. She felt as if she must have forgotten something; she knew she must. Why could not she think of it now, before it was too late? It seems hard any day to think what to have for dinner, but how much easier now it would be to stay at home quietly and order the dinner,—and there was the butcher's cart! But now they must think of everything.

At last she was put into the carry-all, and Mr. Peterkin in front to drive. Twice they started, and twice they found something was left behind,—the loaf of fresh brown bread on the back piazza, and a basket of sandwiches on the front porch. And just as the wagon was leaving, the little boys shrieked, "The basket of things was left behind!"

Everybody got out of the wagon. Agamemnon went back into the house, to see if anything else were left. He looked into the closets; he shut the front door, and was so busy that he forgot to get into the wagon himself. It started off and went down the street without him!

He was wondering what he should do if he were left behind (why had they not thought to arrange a telegraph wire to the back wheel of the wagon, so that he might have sent a message in such a case?), when the Bromwichs drove out of their yard in their buggy, and took him in.

They joined the rest of the party at Tathan Corners, where they were all to meet and consult where they were to go. Mrs. Peterkin called to Agamemnon, as soon as he appeared. She had been holding the barometer and the thermometer, and they waggled so that it troubled her. It was hard keeping the thermometer out of the sun, which would make it so warm. It really took away her pleasure, holding the things. Agamemnon decided to get into the carry-all, on the seat with his father, and take the barometer and thermometer.

The consultation went on. Should they go to Cherry Swamp, or Lonetown Hill? You had the view if you went to Lonetown Hill, but may be the drive to Cherry Swamp was prettier.

Somebody suggested asking the lady from Philadelphia, as the picnic was got up for her.

But where was she?

"I declare," said Mr. Peterkin, "I forgot to stop for her!" The whole picnic there, and no lady from Philadelphia!

It seemed the horse had twitched his head in a threatening manner as they passed the house, and Mr. Peterkin had forgotten to stop, and Mrs. Peter-

kin had been so busy managing the thermometers that she had not noticed, and the wagon had followed on behind.

Mrs. Peterkin was in despair. She did not like to have Mr. Peterkin make a short turn, and it was getting late, and what would the lady from Philadelphia think of it, and had they not better give it all up?

But everybody said "No!" and Mr. Peterkin said he could make a wide turn round the Lovejoy barn. So they made the turn, and took up the lady from Philadelphia, and the wagon followed behind and took up her daughters, for there was a driver in the wagon besides Solomon John.

Ann Maria Bromwich said it was so late by this time, they might as well stop and have the picnic on the Common! But the question was put again, Where should they go?

The lady from Philadelphia decided for Strawberry Nook—it sounded inviting. There were no strawberries, and there was no nook, it was said, but there was a good place to tie the horses.

Mrs. Peterkin was feeling a little nervous, for she did not know what the lady from Philadelphia would think of their having forgotten her, and the more she tried to explain it, the worse it seemed to make it. She supposed they never did such things in Philadelphia; she knew they had invited all the world to a party, but she was sure she would never want to invite anybody again. There was no fun about it, till it was all over. Such a mistake to have a party for a person, and then go without her; but she knew they would forget something! She wished they had not called it their picnic!

There was another bother! Mr. Peterkin stopped. "Was anything broke?" exclaimed Mrs. Peterkin. "Was something forgotten?" asked the lady from Philadelphia.

No! But Mr. Peterkin did n't know the way; and here he was leading all the party, and a long row of carriages following.

They all stopped, and it seemed nobody knew the way to Strawberry Nook, unless it was the Gibbons boys, who were far behind. They were made to drive up, and said that Strawberry Nook was in quite a different direction, but they could bring the party round to it through the meadows.

The lady from Philadelphia thought they might stop anywhere, such a pleasant day, but Mr. Peterkin said they were started for Strawberry Nook, and had better keep on.

So they kept on. It proved to be an excellent place where they could tie the horses to a fence. Mrs. Peterkin did not like their all heading different ways; it seemed as if any of them might come at her, and tear up the fence, especially as the little

boys had their kites flapping round. The Tremletts insisted upon the whole party going up on the hill; it was too damp below. So the Gibbons boys, and the little boys and Agamemnon, and Solomon John, and all the party had to carry everything up to the rocks. The large basket of "things" was very heavy. It had been difficult to lift it into the wagon, and it was harder to take it out. But with the help of the driver, and Mr. Peterkin, and old Mr. Bromwich, it was got up the hill.

And at last all was arranged. Mr. Peterkin was seated in his chair. The other was offered to the lady from Philadelphia, but she preferred the carriage cushions; so did old Mr. Bromwich. And the table-cloth was spread,—for they did bring a table-cloth,—and the baskets were opened, and the picnic really began. The pickles had tumbled into the butter, and the spoons had been forgotten, and the Tremletts' basket had been left on their front door-step. But nobody seemed to mind. Everybody was hungry, and everything they ate seemed of the best. The little boys were perfectly happy, and ate of all the kinds of cake. Two of the Tremletts would stand while they were eating, because they were afraid of the ants and the spiders that seemed to be crawling round. And Elizabeth Eliza had to keep poking with a fern leaf to keep the insects out of the plates. The lady from Philadelphia was made comfortable with the cushions and shawls, leaning against a rock. Mrs. Peterkin wondered if she forgot she had been forgotten.

John Osborne said it was time for conundrums, and asked: "Why is a pastoral musical play better than the music we have here? Because one is a grass-hopper, and the other is a grass-opera!"

Elizabeth Eliza said she knew a conundrum, a very funny one, one of her friends in Boston had told her. It was, "why is ——" It began, "why is something like ——" No, "why are they different?" It was something about an old woman, or else it was something about a young one. It was very funny, if she could only think what it was about, or whether it was alike or different!

The lady from Philadelphia was proposing they should guess Elizabeth Eliza's conundrum, first the question, and then the answer, when one of the Tremletts came running down the hill, and declared she had just discovered a very threatening cloud, and she was sure it was going to rain down directly. Everybody started up, though no cloud was to be seen.

There was a great looking for umbrellas and water-proofs. Then it appeared that Elizabeth

Eliza had left hers after all, though she had gone back for it twice. Mr. Peterkin knew he had not forgotten his umbrella, because he had put the whole umbrella-stand into the wagon, and it had been brought up the hill, but it proved to hold only the family canes!

There was a great cry for the "emergency basket," that had not been opened yet. Mrs. Peterkin explained how for days the family had been putting into it what might be needed, as soon as anything was thought of. Everybody stopped to see its contents. It was carefully covered with newspapers. First came out a backgammon-board. "That would be awful," said Ann Maria, "if we have to spend the afternoon in anybody's barn." Next, a pair of andirons. "What were they for?" "In case of needing a fire in the woods," explained Solomon John. Then came a volume of the Encyclopedia. But it was the first volume, Agamemnon now regretted, and contained only A and a part of B, and nothing about rain or showers. Next, a bag of pea-nuts, put in by the little boys, and Elizabeth Eliza's book of poetry, and a change of boots for Mr. Peterkin; a small foot-rug in case the ground should be damp; some paint-boxes of the little boys; a box of fish-hooks for Solomon John; an ink-bottle, carefully done up in a great deal of newspaper, which was fortunate, as the ink was oozing out; some old magazines, and a blacking-bottle; and at the bottom, a sun-dial. It was all very entertaining, and there seemed to be something for every occasion but the present. Old Mr. Bromwich did not wonder the basket was so heavy. It was all so interesting that nobody but the Tremletts went down to the carriages.

The sun was shining brighter than ever, and Ann Maria insisted on setting up the sun-dial. Certainly there was no danger of a shower, and they might as well go on with the picnic. But when Solomon John and Ann Maria had arranged the sun-dial, they asked everybody to look at their watches, so that they might see if it was right. And then came a great exclamation at the hour: "It was time they were all going home!"

The lady from Philadelphia had been wrapping her shawl about her, as she felt the sun was low. But nobody had any idea it was so late! Well, they had left late, and went back a great many times, had stopped sometimes to consult, and had been long on the road, and it had taken a long time to fetch up the things, so it was no wonder it was time to go away. But it had been a delightful picnic, after all.

MIDSUMMER AND THE POETS.

BY LUCY LARCOM.



N our northern climate, the poetry of spring has to be sung or repeated with a cold in the head, too often to make it quite enjoyable. But June with us answers to the May of European poets, and this early summer-time is the sweetest and freshest of the year. Then all the buds are blossoming, all the birds are singing, and the air is full of nameless delicious scents from orchard and forest and meadow; from the young grass springing under foot, and the young leaves shaken out overhead.

One of the earliest specimens of English poetry is a little snatch of song beginning:

"Summer is y-cumen in;
Loud sing cuckoo!"

It sounds like a child's voice calling to its mates in the meadows of the Past, and rings as clear to-day as on the unknown morning when it was first sung,—for Nature and Poetry never grow old.

The "Midsummer Night's Dream" of Shakespeare is founded upon the old faith in fairies, and it sparkles throughout with dew-drops and moonbeams. This great master of poetry saw the delicate tints and shadowings of beauty in Nature, as well as her splendors and her wonders; and with the coming on of summer, we are ready to follow his "dainty spirit" Ariel, singing

"Merrily, merrily shall we live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough."

Perhaps the finest thing ever written about the month of June, is the well-known passage in Lowell's "Sir Launfal":

"And what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays.
Whether we look, or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten."

"The little bird sits at his door in the sun,
A-tilt like a blossom among the leaves,
And lets his illumined being o'errun
With the deluge of summer it receives."

There is a very pretty song by Motherwell, an English poet, beginning:

"They come, the merry summer months, of beauty, song, and flowers:
They come, the glad some months, that bring thick leafiness to bowers."

"Up, up, my heart! and walk abroad; fling cark and care aside;
Seek silent hills, or rest thyself where peaceful waters glide."

"The daisy and the buttercup are nodding courteously:
It stirs their blood with kindest love, to bless and welcome thee."

The twenty-fourth day of June, given in the Calendar as the birthday of St. John, is Midsummer Day, and used to be superstitiously observed. On Midsummer Eve people brought green boughs from the woods to embower their doors, expecting to be protected from thunderstorms and other evils. Then they would go out and gather plants which were supposed to possess magical properties; among them, vervain, rue, St. John's wort, and trefoil. There is a Spanish song referring to this custom, a verse or two of which runs thus:

"Come forth, come forth, my maidens! 't is the day of good St. John;

It is the Baptist's morning that breaks the hills upon;
And let us all go forth together, while the blessed day is new,
To dress with flowers the snow-white wether, ere the sun has dried the dew."

"Come forth, come forth, my maidens, and slumber not away
The blessed, blessed morning of the holy Baptist's day!
There's trefoil in the meadow, and lilies on the lea,
And hawthorn blossoms on the bush, which you must pluck with me."

And Mary Howitt has a pretty ballad about "Little Mabel," who went to wait upon her grandmother on Midsummer Day,

"When all the fairy people
From elf-land come away;"

how she

"Swept the hearth up clean,
And then the table spread;
And next she fed the dog and bird,
And then she made the bed:"

and how she went down the dell ten paces, to bring water from the Lady-well, and there at first saw nothing

"Except a bird, a sky-blue bird,
That sat upon a tree."

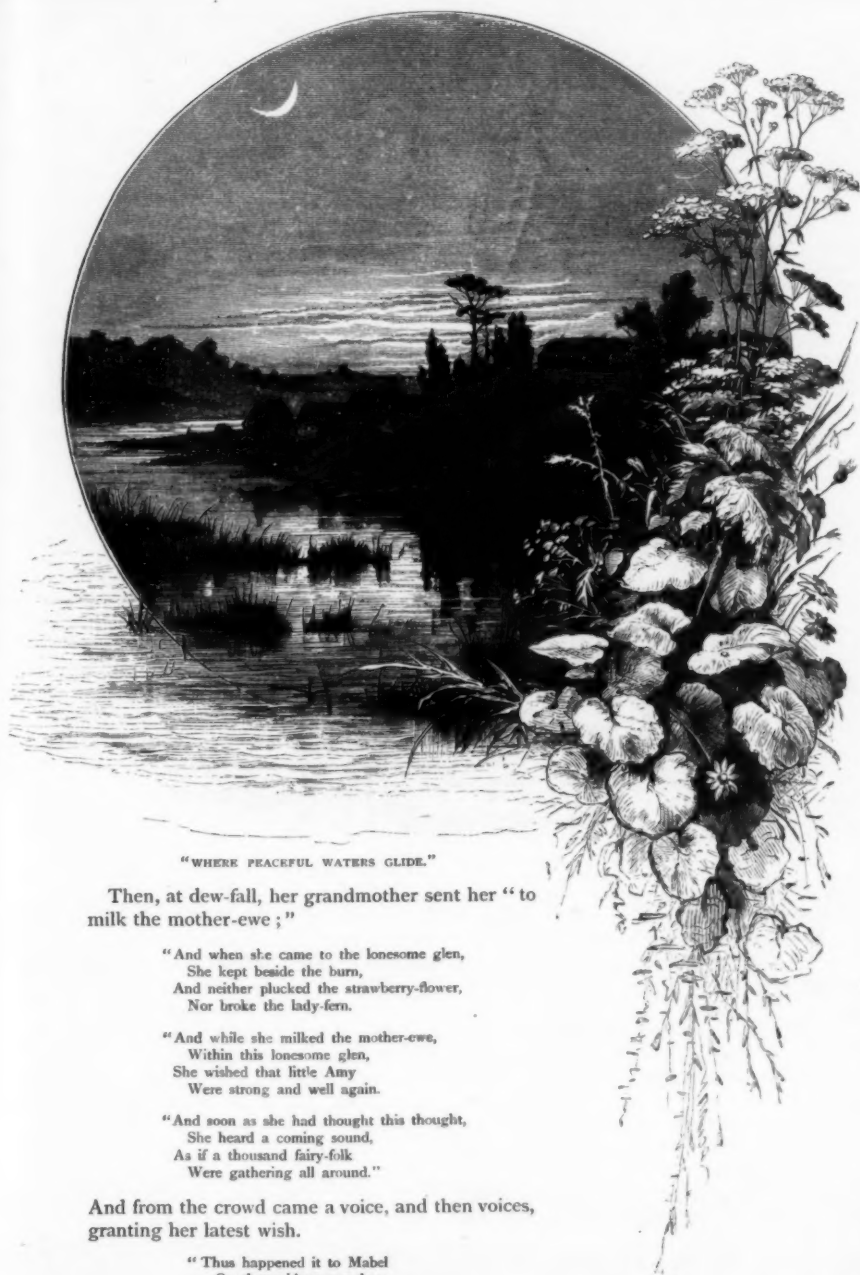
But the second time, she saw

"Beside the well a lady small,
All clothed in green and white,"

who gave her a fairy blessing, telling her that she should

"Have the will and power to please,
And should be loved away."

The brownies, too, looked kindly on little Mabel as she passed through the wood to gather dry sticks for her grandmother's fire, and they dropped a silver luck-penny in her path.



"WHERE PEACEFUL WATERS GLIDE."

Then, at dew-fall, her grandmother sent her "to
milk the mother-ewe ;"

"And when she came to the lonesome glen,
She kept beside the burn,
And neither plucked the strawberry-flower,
Nor broke the lady-fern.

"And while she milked the mother-ewe,
Within this lonesome glen,
She wished that little Amy
Were strong and well again.

"And soon as she had thought this thought,
She heard a coming sound,
As if a thousand fairy-folk
Were gathering all around."

And from the crowd came a voice, and then voices,
granting her latest wish.

"Thus happened it to Mabel
On that midsummer day;
And these three fairy blessings
She took with her away.

"T is good to make all duty sweet;
To be alert and kind;
T is good, like little Mabel,
To have a willing mind."

No wonder the poets have loved to sing of the early summer. How the cheerfulness with which it inspires us rings through these lines of Bryant!

"Is this a time to be cloudy and sad,
When our mother Nature laughs around,—
When even the deep blue heavens look glad,
And gladness breathes from the blossoming ground?"

"There are notes of joy from the hang-bird and wren,
And the gossip of swallows through all the sky;
The ground-squirrel gayly chirps by his den,
And the wilding bee hums merrily by.

"There's a dance of leaves in that aspen bower;
There's a titter of winds in that beechen tree;
There's a smile on the fruit and a smile in the flower,
And a laugh from the brook that runs to the sea."

The breezes of June seem to blow through these verses; but you may hear the "titter of winds" in the poplar and birch all summer. There is nothing

som. There is a shimmer of heat over the landscape, and the hills put on a veil of mist. Nearly all the birds have stopped singing; but the wood-thrush keeps up his heavenly music in the deep forests; the song-sparrow warbles on, happy in any weather; and the little pasture-sparrow, hid among the berry-bushes, pours out his tiny trickling melody, which seems like a drop of summer sunshine melted into a song. Over the mown meadows comes the shrill, hot twang of the harvest-fly, which might be the very voice of the August noon, complaining of its own heat.

The violets, and almost all the roses, are gone before midsummer comes, and flowers as well as birds are fewer than in June. But you will find the fragrant white pyrola in the shade of the pine-woods; the yellow St. John's wort stars the grass here and there, and the meadow-sweet waves its pink and white tufts along the dry road-side; while the red lily glows out among the brakes and bay-



"OTHERS STAND, HALF IN THE FLOOD."

that will fill you more completely with the spirit of midsummer than to loiter on a July afternoon through a pasture in which the young birches have come up wherever they liked, and listen to them as they whisper among themselves in the sultry weather.

The signs of midsummer are almost entirely sights and sounds of repose. June is like the breaking of the waves of beauty upon the shores of earth. But have you ever observed, after watching the waves on the beach until the tide has come in, and the last ripple has ceased, what a hush comes upon the mighty bosom of the sea? It is profound stillness and perfect rest, that almost makes you hold your breath, as Nature is holding hers.

Midsummer is the flood-tide of the year; and just such a calm settles down upon the heart of the earth, after surging into light and song and blos-

berry-clumps, a flame kindled by the August sun. The snowy water-lily, the purest and coolest and freshest of all the flowers, is the child of the midsummer months, and is a refreshment wherever seen, floating in its water-cradle, kissed by sunbeams and rocked by every passing breeze.

Coolness and shade are now the desire of every living creature.

The poet Thomson, who has written of all the seasons, has this picture of the cattle seeking shelter from the heat of a sultry noon:

"Around the adjoining brook that purls along
The vocal grove, now fretting o'er a rock,
Now scarcely moving through a reedy pool,
Now starting to a sudden stream and now
Gently diffused into a limpid plain,
A various group the flocks and herds compose.
Rural confusion! On the grassy bank
Some ruminating lie; while others stand
Half in the flood, and, often bending, sip
The circling surface."

The poets sometimes make us feel the stifling glow of midsummer in their verses, as in these of Dr. Holmes:

"There! sweep these foolish leaves away!
I will not crush my brains to-day.
Look! are the southern curtains drawn?
Fetch me a fan, and so begone!"

"Rain me sweet odors on the air;
And wheel me up my Indian chair,
And spread some book not overwise
Flat out before my sleepy eyes!"

And Whittier thus vividly describes the out-door heat:

"White with its sun-bleached dust, the pathway winds
Before me; dust is on the shrunken grass,
And on the trees beneath whose boughs I pass.
Between me and the hot fields of the South
A tremulous glow, as from a furnace-mouth,
Glimmers and swims before my dazzled sight."

The conclusion of the poem from which these lines are taken, refreshes one by contrast, just as a breeze would, springing up on a hot, still day:

"Yet on my cheek I feel the western wind,
And hear it telling to the orchard trees,
And to the faint and flower-forsaken bees,
Tales of fair meadows, green with constant streams,
And mountains rising blue and cool behind,
Where in moist dells the purple orchis gleams.
And, starred with white, the virgin's bower is twined."

"So the o'er-wearied pilgrim, as he fares
Along life's summer waste, at times is fanned,
Even at noontide, by the cool, sweet airs
Of a serener and a holier land,
Fresh as the morn, and as the dew-fall land.
Breath of the blessed heaven for which we pray,
Blow from the eternal hills! make glad our earthly way!"

If you are in a mountain region in midsummer, you will see how all the summits sink into a hazy outline, and how all the rough precipices are hidden—buried in a soft, dream-like mist. Then you will feel the beauty of the "Summer by the Lakeside" poems, by the same author. One of them, "Noon," begins in this way:

"White clouds, whose shadows haunt the deep;
Light mists, whose soft embraces keep
The sunshine on the hills asleep!"

"O shapes and hues, dim beckoning through
Yon mountain gaps, my longing view
Beyond the purple and the blue,

"To stiller sea and greener land,
And softer light, and airs more bland,
And skies, the hollow of God's hand!"

There is something in the air of a midsummer day in the country that soothes us, as if Mother Nature were falling into a noontide sleep, and invited us, her children, to lay our heads upon her lap and slumber too. The little brooks slip over their rocks with a lullaby song, and the bee hums drowsily, as he journeys from flower to flower.

Midsummer has certainly a poetry of its own, and no lovelier specimen of it can be given than these verses of Bryant's, from a poem called "A Summer Ramble":

"The quiet August noon has come;
A slumberous silence fills the sky;
The fields are still, the woods are dumb;
In glassy sleep the waters lie."

"And mark yon soft white clouds that rest
Above our vale, a moveless throng;
The cattle on the mountain's breast
Enjoy the grateful shadow long."

"Oh, how unlike those merry hours
In early June, when Earth laughs out;
When the fresh winds make love to flowers,
And woodlands sing, and waters shout;

"When in the grass sweet voices talk,
And strains of tiny music swell
From every moss-cup of the rock,
From every nameless blossom's bell."

"But now a joy too deep for sound,
A peace no other season knows,
Hushes the heavens and wraps the ground,—
The blessing of supreme repose."

The poetry of Bryant is like the beauty of the seasons themselves. It contains them all, with their varying tints of cloud and leaf, their different skies and their ever-changing blossoms. In how many ways the summer wind breathes on you through his verses!

"He comes!
Lo where the grassy meadow runs in waves!"

"He is come!
Shaking a shower of blossoms from the shrubs,
And bearing on their fragrance."

"A thousand flowers,
By the road-side and the borders of the brook,
Nod gayly to each other."

Bryant's poem "To the Evening Wind" has kept freshness in the hearts of many of us men and women, ever since we loved and learned it in the breezy days of childhood. Do the children of to-day delight, as we did, in repeating—

"Spirit that breathest through my lattice, thou
That cool'st the twilight of the sultry day,—"
"Go forth into the gathering shade, go forth,
God's blessing breathed upon the fainting earth!"
"Go, rock the little wood-bird in his nest!"

The poetry of rain in summer every child must have felt. There are summer rain songs that drop down into tired and suffocated lives as the showers glide to the roots of the grass in time of drought. Longfellow has one, beginning—

"How beautiful is the rain!
After the dust and heat,
In the broad and fiery street,
In the narrow lane,
How beautiful is the rain!"



"THERE COME THE LITTLE GENTLE BIRDS."

And there is an exquisite little poem by Aldrich,
called "Before the Rain":

"We knew it would rain, for all the morn
A spirit on slender ropes of mist
Was lowering its golden buckets down
Into the vapory amethyst
Of marshes and swamps and dismal fens,—
Scooping the dew that lay in the flowers,
Dipping the jewels out of the sea,
To sprinkle them over the land in showers.

"We knew it would rain, for the poplars showed
The white of their leaves; the amber grain
Shrunk in the wind; and the lightning now
Is tangled in tremulous skeins of rain."

Midsummer is the time to enjoy the woods, to stroll by the brook, or to follow its empty bed up the mountain-side, where the ferns hang moist and green, and the moss is like velvet under your foot. It is the time for the free, happy holidays which

everybody needs, and which the good God meant us all to have. Longfellow has written of one of these :

"O gift of God! O perfect day!
Whereon shall no man work, but play!"

Go with the poets, and they will show you how beautiful and wonderful are the common objects that belong to wild, neglected spots, and also those which lie unnoticed about your own dwelling-places. For the poets find nothing new; they only point out to you what you might have seen yourself had your sight been keen and clear as theirs.

One of them (Leigh Hunt) writes of the grasshopper, calling him a

"Green little vaulter in the summer grass;"

and another (Keats), listening to the same insect, will tell you that

"The poetry of earth is never dead.
When all the birds are faint with the hot sun,
And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run
From hedge to hedge about the new-mown mead:
That is the grasshopper's:—he takes the lead
In summer luxury; he has never done
With his delights; for, when tired out with fun,
He rests at ease beneath some pleasant weed."

Still another poet (Emerson), addressing "The Humble-Bee," says:

"I will follow thee alone,
Thou animated torrid zone!

"Hot midsummer's petted crone,
Sweet to me thy drowsy tone,
That tells of countless sunny hours,
Long days, and solid banks of flowers."

And well it is to follow a wise guide like the bee—one that has the faculty of

"Seeing only what is fair,
Sipping only what is sweet."

Go, then, with the poets,—no, *come* with them, rather, for they invite us. Children especially they love; and those of us who have anything of our child-heart left within us, will not be counted intruders if we join the pleasant company. Living out of doors with poets who *are* poets, and children who are *real* children, we might feel as if it were always summer-time in the world.

Mary Howitt is especially a poet of summer and of childhood. She says:

"They may boast of the spring-time, when flowers are the fairest,
And birds sing by thousands on every green tree;
They may call it the loveliest, greenest, and rarest,
But the summer's the season that's dearest to me."

And who can refuse this delightful call of hers into the leafy forest?

"Come ye into the summer woods!
There entereth no annoy:

All greenly wave the chestnut-leaves,
And the earth is full of joy.

"I cannot tell you half the sights
Of beauty you may see,—
The bursts of golden sunshine,
And many a shady tree.

"And many a merry bird is there,
Unscared by lawless men:
The blue-winged jay, the woodpecker,
And the golden-crested wren.

"Come down, and ye shall see them all,
The timid and the bold;
For their sweet life of pleasantness,
It is not to be told.

"And far within that shady wood,
Among the leaves so green,
There flows a little gurgling brook,
The brightest e'er was seen.

"There come the little gentle birds,
Without a fear of ill,
Down to the murmuring water's edge,
And freely drink their fill;

"And dash about and splash about,
The merry little things!
And look a-ance with bright black eyes,
And flirt their dripping wings.

"I've seen the freakish squirrels drop
Down from their leafy tree,—
The little squirrels with the old,—
Great joy it was to me!

"And down unto the running brook
I've seen them nimbly go;
And the bright waters seemed to speak
A welcome kind and low.

"The nodding plants, they bowed their heads,
As if in heartsome cheer;
They spake unto these little things:
'T is merry living here!'

"Oh, how my heart ran o'er with joy!
I saw that all was good;
And how we might glean up delight
All round us, if we would."

So many beautiful things have been written about midsummer, it would be difficult even to name them all.

"Little Bell," by Westwood, is one of the sweetest child-pictures ever drawn with pen and ink. Little Bell, and the squirrel, and the blackbird, and the lights and shadows of the woodland in July or August days—here they are; but you must find the poem, and make the whole of it your own.

"Piped the blackbird on the beechwood spray,—
'Pretty maid, slow wandering this way,
What's your name?' quoth he;
'What's your name? Oh stop, and straight unfold,
Pretty maid, with showery curls of gold!'
'Little Bell,' said she.

"Little Bell sat down beneath the rocks,
Tossed aside her gleaming, golden locks,—
'Bonny bird,' quoth she,
'Sing me your best song before I go.'
'Here's the very finest song I know,
Little Bell,' said he.

"Down the dell she tripped, and through the glade;
Peeped the squirrel from the hazel-shade,
And from out the tree
Swung and leaped and frolicked, void of fear:
While bold Blackbird piped, that all might hear,—
'Little Bell!' piped he."

Sometimes a boy or girl says, "I should like to understand poetry; I do like to read it and repeat it, but I cannot always tell what it means."



"WHERE THE POOLS ARE BRIGHT AND DEEP."

Dear children, some things go under the title of poetry which are incomprehensible to young and old, to wise and foolish alike. But the way to understand *true* poetry,—that of nature, at least,—is to love the beauty of which it is the picture and the song. The best poetry is simple and natural as life itself; and by listening to the sweet voices which are always floating unheeded on the air, you will *feel* what it is, through all your being. Only keep eye and heart open, and never let it be possible for you to scorn or neglect the least thing that God has made.

Look for poetry, and you will find it everywhere,—in the fairy-cup moss under your feet in the woodland footpaths, in the song of the robin at your window in the morning, in the patter of the rain on the roof, in the first rosy cloud on the horizon at dawn, and the last that fades out in the west at sunset. For poetry is written all over the earth by a Divine hand, before it can get into books.

The Creator is the great poet. All that is beautiful to eye or ear or heart is His handwriting. Wherever a bud opens, a rivulet slips along its pebbly path, or a leaf-shadow dances in the sunshine, there He has written a poem which He meant should be read with delight by every passer-by.

What the true poets do, is only to translate so much of His writing as they understand, for others

who see less clearly,—or oftener, who merely have less power to express themselves.

Every child who can speak the gladness he feels in the wonderful works of God is a little poet, singing with the brook and the breeze a song which he does not always know the meaning of himself, but which makes the world a happier place for those who listen.

Now we are turning over the leaves in Nature's Midsummer Book of Poetry; and we shall find there, if we are heedful, a thousand things we never saw before. It is a book in which the most

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thorough reader will always discover something new, because the thoughts of its Author are infinite.

We who are far apart, who have never seen one another, can be reading this beautiful book together; and it is a pleasure to most of us older folk to have the children turn the pages for us. And childhood—we are thankful that it is so—surrounds us everywhere, like the birds and flowers.

Little wafts of song from children's lips come to us wherever we are, for vacation is one of the poems of child-life. And so we close our midsummer talk with this "Boy's Song" of the "Ettrick Shepherd"—a song overflowing with the spirit of vacation joys and summer weather:

"Where the pools are bright and deep,
Where the gray trout lies asleep,
Up the river and over the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me.

"Where the blackbird sings the latest,
Where the hawthorn blooms the sweetest,
Where the nestlings chirp and flee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

"Where the mowers mow the cleanest,
Where the hay lies thick and greenest,
There to track the homeward bee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

"Where the hazel bank is steepest,
Where the shadow falls the deepest,
Where the clustering nuts fall free,
That's the way for Billy and me.

"Why the boys should drive away
Little sweet maidens from the play,
Or love to banter and fight so well,
That's the thing I never could tell.

"But this I know, I love to play
Through the meadow, among the hay;
Up the water and over the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me."

THE QUEEN OF THE MOLES.

BY HENRY L. WILLIAMS.

ONCE upon a time, in one of the outlying countries which border the Fairy Kingdom, there lived a good and beautiful maiden called Alixe, who had two lovers. Their names were Hyacinth and Tom the Piper.

Hyacinth was a handsome youth, and always well dressed. He had a rich uncle, and owned beside a large field of his own which was supposed to be worth a good deal, though he neither planted it nor reaped anything from it. Tom was less handsome, and a great deal shabbier. He, too, owned a field, but it was very small, and scarcely produced enough potatoes and kale to keep him alive. Indeed, if it had not been for his pipe-playing, he would sometimes have almost starved in the winters. For all this, Tom was so sweet-tempered and bright, and loved her so truly, that Alixe could not help liking him in return; but as she liked handsome Hyacinth too, it became so hard to choose between them that at last she fixed upon this plan, an entirely original one,—at least I never heard of any girl who tried it before.

She asked the two young men to tea one night, led them into the garden, and, producing from her pocket some bulbs, said: "Look here, you two boys; this is a hyacinth-bulb, and this a tulip. I am going to plant them in two tubs. The hya-

cinth shall stand for Hyacinth, and the tulip for you, Tom, because your name begins with a T. Whichever of the two first shows a flower, hyacinth or tulip, I shall take him whom it represents for my husband, for I cannot bear doubt and disputes. And as it is not possible for me to tell which of you I like best, I will let the fates and the flowers decide. Will you agree that this shall be so?"

Neither of the youths was pleased with the plan, but neither of them dared to say so, for Alixe looked so earnest, and so very pretty in her red petticoat and blue kirtle, with the sunshine glistening in her hair, that they feared to lose her favor. So they both agreed; and every day after that they came, morning, noon and night, to watch the growth of the bulbs. Never were plants so carefully tended, watered, shaded from the sun and from wind, and the consequence was that never plants grew so fast before. Day by day saw them greener and taller, keeping along exactly in their growth, so that there seemed danger that both would flower at one and the same moment, and the riddle of the lovers be as far from answer as ever.

Hyacinth, however, who was not the good and honest fellow that Alixe supposed him to be, felt secretly enraged at this condition of things. One

evening, as he crossed the fields, he spied a corn mouse, who, having lamed himself in some way, was limping toward its home in a hay-stack. Seizing it, in spite of its struggles to escape, Hyacinth exclaimed:

"Come along, you little brute; you're just the creature I want. You shall eat up that tiresome tulip for me, and so I shall get rid of that rogue, Tom the Piper."

"But it will be very unfair," said the mouse—in a fine, squeaking voice, it is true, but as distinctly as possible.

Hyacinth stared with round eyes, as indeed he had reason to do.

"Don't be alarmed," continued the mouse; "I am the king of the field-mice, it is true, but I should disdain to hurt you or anybody else. I repeat, it would be unfair for you to set me to destroy your rival's plant. Alixe would cast you off forever if she guessed that you were capable of such a thought."

"I'll take extremely good care that she sha'n't guess," observed Hyacinth, recovering from his first surprise. "Just come along with me; and I say, Master Prig, if you don't chew that tulip up, you'll catch it to-morrow. I'll break every bone in your body."

He shook his stick fiercely as he spoke, and the mouse, king though he was, trembled with fright. Hyacinth carried his prisoner to the garden, popped him into the tub, and covered both mouse and tulip with a glass bell.

"Now," he said, "I shall come at five to-morrow morning to see how your majesty has got on. If your majesty has n't disposed of the tulip, remember, I shall carry out my threat! Every bone in your majesty's body! Good-night, King Mouse."

With these words Hyacinth went away, walking on tiptoe lest Alixe should hear him.

That night, for some reason, Tom was unable to sleep. He tossed and tumbled, till at last, dressing himself, he took his pipe and went forth for the refreshment of a walk, and to play a tune beneath Alixe's window. Tom's pipe was one of the sweetest ever heard, and he managed it so skillfully that its notes would now deepen and roar like a drum, and again breathe so softly that you would imagine only fairy lips could make such delicate notes.

The moon was shining full as he stood to play outside the garden wall, for a sentiment of respect forbade him to enter the garden at a time when Alixe was not there to bid him welcome. As he finished a plaintive air, he saw in the smooth gravel at his feet a mole, the largest ever seen, which, as the music ended, sat up on its hind legs and clapped its paws together as if in applause.

"Capital! Beautiful! Encore!" cried the mole, in a queer sort of under-ground voice. "I don't know when I have had such a treat before. I shall come up from my palace oftener if I am to have concerts like this."

"From your p-p-palace?" stammered Tom, amazed beyond words at hearing a mole speak.

"Yes, Thomas," rejoined the mole, loftily, "my palace, for in me you behold Clawdia Digabus, the ninth Queen of the Moles! My power is immense. It extends over thousands of acres; the wrong side of them, it is true, but what of that? Now, hear what I will do for you in return for your music. I will burrow under the tub where your rival's hyacinth is planted, and will bite off the bulb as clean as a knife could do it. That will rather settle the point in dispute, I fancy."

"Not with my consent," said Tom. "I would n't lift my finger to hurt his flower. That would be too mean, even though by means of it he carries away my Alixe and breaks my heart. Better lose her than do a dishonorable thing."

"Ho! honor!" said the Queen of the Moles, blinking her tiny eyes spitefully. "Even now Hyacinth has a field-mouse on top of your tulip, the biggest and hungriest field-mouse he could find! You know what mice are. There won't be enough of your tulip left by daylight to make a meal for a midge."

"Oh, the shabby traitor, has he really?" cried Tom, flushing with anger.

"You can easily revenge yourself, you know," suggested Clawdia Digabus; "all you have to do is to give me a lift over the wall, and good-bye to his hopes of a hyacinth blossom! The game will be equal then, at all events."

"Oh, you little black-coated wretch!" exclaimed Tom, "how dare you tempt me thus? And the worst is, I want to do it! But I won't! I'd rather lose my chance with her I love, than be guilty of such baseness. Be off with you to the dirty place where you belong, you horrid creature, and put no more of your evil ideas in my head."

Queen Mole sat up on her hind legs again, and chuckled audibly.

"Bravo, Tom!" said she, "I guessed that would be your answer. You deserve to win Alixe, and I fancy you will. Heaven has ways and means for rewarding honesty. Your remarks to me, personally, are not over polite; still, I will do you a favor all the same. That favor is a bit of advice. It is to stay here till five o'clock, and you will see something interesting."

With these words the mole dived suddenly underground. Tom was puzzled, but for all that, he decided to stay. The night was still and warm, and he looked at Alixe's window, and thought of

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her sleeping within, which was enough of itself to make the time pass pleasantly.

Just at daybreak came a sound of footsteps, and presently a dark figure crept along the road and began to climb the wall of the garden. It was Hyacinth, come according to promise, to see how the mouse had sped with the tulip-bulb.

Just as he reached the top, and stood on the coping, Tom, who could restrain himself no longer, called out, in a deep voice: "Shame!"

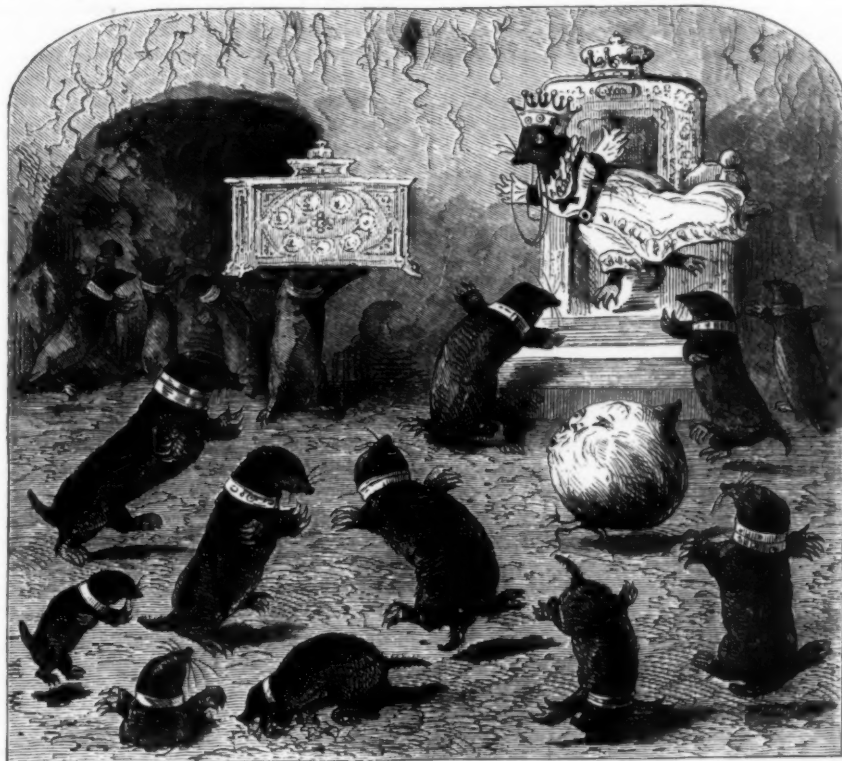
Hyacinth started, gave a jump, lost his footing,

him out of the briars. Hyacinth, whose coat was full of thorns, and whose face was severely scratched, was neither glad nor grateful for this assistance.

"What are *you* doing here?" he said, crossly. "Some mischief, no doubt, or you'd not be out of your bed at this early hour."

"Whatever else I am doing," retorted Tom, "I'm not putting field-mice on top of your hyacinth to eat it up."

"Oh, hush, hush!" entreated the terrified Hyacinth. "Here's Alix!"



"THE QUEEN JUMPED NIMBLY FROM THE THRONE." [SEE PAGE 620.]

and tumbled off the wall into the garden. One of the coping-stones, dislodged by the fall, tumbled off also, struck the glass bell over the tulip, and smashed it to atoms. Out jumped the monarch of the mice, and vanished under a gooseberry-bush; while Hyacinth, who had dropped into the midst of a briar-rose, rolled to and fro, swearing at the prickles, and trying in vain to extricate himself.

Good-natured Tom, fearing that his rival was seriously hurt, jumped the wall also, and helped

In truth it was Alix, who, rising with the birds, as was her wont, and hearing voices in the garden, had come out to learn what was the matter.

"Well! I must say you *are* early visitors," she cried, running down the walk, with a white kerchief tied coquettishly over her curls. "See, there's the sun, only just getting out of bed at this moment. How are the plants to-day?"

"Oh, I'm come for something quite different this time," said the ready-witted Hyacinth, who had quite recovered his presence of mind; "I

wished to get here before the carrier — Ah, I hear his horse's bells now, not far off. Now, beloved Alixe! I much mistake if he does not bring something for you."

And in truth he did, for presently a parcel was handed in at the gate, addressed to Alixe. She opened it with great excitement; and lo! a beautiful china flower-pot, all gay with figures and gilding, and on the side, in letters of deep blue, was this posy:

"Hyacinth sends,—forbid him not,—
Sends Alixe this flower-pot:
If his happy plant shall win,
'T is to plant a hyacinth in."

Alixe was enchanted with the gift and the rhyme, and thanked Hyacinth with smiles and blushes, which made her fairer than ever. Tom, who could not afford to buy rich gifts, though he would have gladly offered Alixe the world, had it been his to give, looked on until he could bear the sight no longer, and, heart-sick, turned to go. "Wont you stay to breakfast?" said Alixe, carelessly, but scarcely heeded the answer, so absorbed was she in the flower-pot and in Hyacinth, and poor Tom walked slowly away.

So blind was he with tears that he scarcely heeded which way he went, until suddenly something round and hard hit him sharply between the eyes. He looked down and saw at his feet a queer brown lump of some sort, with a draggled green shoot clinging to it.

"I beg your pardon," said a faint voice, "I could n't help it."

Tom peered more closely. The thing that spoke to him was a *tulip-bulb*!

"Yes," said the bulb, "look again, if you like; I'm a tulip. What's more, I'm *your* tulip, from the tub in the garden!"

"Oh mercy!" groaned poor Tom. "Are you really? There's the end of it, then."

"The end of me, you mean," rejoined the tulip. "You are right. Master Hyacinth, taking advantage of a spare moment while Alixe went in doors with her fine flower-pot,—Master Hyacinth, I say, has just sneaked into the garden, flung me over the wall, and planted in my stead the bulb of a nasty, ill-smelling onion! There's a fine trick for you! It was he who sent me flying through the air till I hit you so sharply, and it was his fault that I did so, not mine."

"Never mind whose fault it was," said Tom, disconsolately; "I don't care who hits me, or where! Oh, Alixe, Alixe!"

"You would better have taken the advice of the Queen of the Moles," remarked the bulb.

"No," persisted Tom, manfully; "better lose

all, than do a base thing. But this I will do, I'll just run back and tell Alixe the truth of the matter. That may change the course of events in my favor."

"Stop," cried the tulip. "Alixe is just now full of the flower-pot. She will think you a tell-tale, and only half believe you. I'll show you a better thing than that to do. Find a gift that she will like better than the flower-pot, and *then* tell her."

"I can't. I am not rich like Hyacinth."

"Pooh!" said the tulip, opening its eyes, which were only round holes in its surface, "what is Hyacinth? Heir to an uncle, who got his money by ill means, and is losing it by means equally ill. Possessor of a field which is spoiled and useless for want of tillage. Don't talk to me about Hyacinth's riches. He is poorer than you, Tom."

"Alixe does n't think so," said Tom.

"Not yet, but she'll find it out in time," said the tulip.

"How kind you are!" said Tom, stooping to study the odd face of the bulb, with its moveless eyes, and crack of a mouth.

"Well, yes, I mean to be kind. All we of the vegetable world are much indebted to you, Tom, for your invariable goodness to our race. Look how well we are cared for in your little patch of ground. No stones, no weeds, no destructive vermin, though of late, I confess, you have neglected us a little in your passion for Alixe. You are a good fellow, Tom, and not a potato among us but would lend you a helping tuber if it were in his power. So I'll tell you what, you must go to the Queen of the Moles, and get the seven great gems. Those will plead your cause with Alixe."

"But how can I go to the Queen of the Moles? I am neither a snake or an angle-worm!" replied Tom.

"Eat me. That's the first thing to do. Then you'll see how to manage," replied the tulip.

"Eat a friend like you! Never!" cried the horrified Tom.

"Bother about friendship," replied the tulip, impatiently. "Just do as I say, or else good-by to Alixe, Tom!"

These awful words nerved Tom to the desperate deed. He seized the bulb, put it to his lips, and swallowed it in big mouthfuls, scarcely giving himself time to notice the flavor, which was an odd one, a little rooty, a little sandy, and a little flowery, all at once, and quite unlike anything Tom had ever tasted before.

Scarcely had the last morsel gone down his throat when he found himself in the mole-hole, and rolling alone like a ball in darkness.

"Upon my word," thought Tom, "this *is* queer.

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I don't feel like myself at all. I feel like a tulip-bulb. I wonder if I am one. I half believe I am."

Still his rolling through the tunnel continued. As his eyes gradually grew accustomed to the place, gray shapes became visible; shapes of countless roots, some thick and bulky, others fine as threads, all dropping from the earth above his head, or piercing it on either side. The floor over which he revolved was sandy and soft. Now and then a light became visible, set to show the windings of the path. These lights shone from the lamps of glow-worms, all dressed alike, and wearing numbers on their caps, in the language of the moles,—a language which, unluckily, our friend Tom did not understand.

On he rolled, for, being round, and without limbs, there was no stopping himself. Every now and then he passed through a village or settlement of moles, and caught glimpses of little moles playing on door-steps, mama-moles pairing potatoes or shelling peas with their sharp claws, and grave papa-moles, who looked up from their newspapers and glared at Tom as he whirled by. Some instinct kept him in the right path, and on he went.

After a time he became aware that he had companions on his journey,—apples, potatoes, filberts, rolling along like himself. Every minute or two, a group of these would separate themselves from the rest, wheel into corners and stop; whereupon certain official moles, with gold stripes on their waistcoats, evidently policemen, would catch them by the collars, so to speak, and send them flying on again. Looking more closely, Tom perceived that these provisions were labeled each with a little ticket, and now and then somebody would stop, first one and next another, and trundle away into large holes, which Tom guessed to be hotels, from the large numbers of moles who stood on the door-steps, picking their teeth leisurely, and having the air of those who have just eaten a dinner.

At last he came to the capital city, much larger than any he had passed before. The burrows were more ornamented, the glow-worms bigger, and the moles more numerous and lively.

On, on, till suddenly he bounded into the midst of a circle of gorgeous, high-bred looking moles, who wore collars of silver, and on their fore paws rings set with precious stones. It was evidently the court circle, for there, on a throne of white mouse-skin, sat the great Clawdia Digabus herself. She was distinguished from the other moles by the fact that she alone wore an eye-glass and gloves; her claws beneath being neatly trimmed so that they should not tear the kid.

"All hail to your majesty!" cried Tom, who felt that he must say something. "May you live long to enjoy — What do moles enjoy?" he asked

himself, and then finished the sentence with—"darkness and night!"

As the voice was Tom the Piper's, and not the tulip's, Queen Clawdia recognized it at once.

"Oh ho!" she exclaimed, for queens when taken by surprise sometimes speak like other people. "Oh ho! It is you, is it? Well, what brings you here? Do you want to use me as a queen or as a hyacinth-gobbler?"

"As a queen, may it please your highness," answered Tom. "My visit has nothing to do with hyacinths—or rather, it has; but not the sort of hyacinths that grow in tubs. I am come to ask a favor,—nothing less than the seven great gems. I am not sure what the seven great gems may be, but I am quite sure that I want them."

"Indeed!" said the Queen of the Moles, satirically; "and pray what return will you make if I grant your request?"

"Your majesty, what return *can* I make? It is not a bargain I ask for, but a boon. Grant it me, because you are rich and I poor; because you are powerful and I am weak; because you have, and I want. In return, I will give my grateful thanks, and furthermore, not a mole among your subjects shall ever be killed upon any ground which I own."

"That promise would n't mean much if made by some people I know, Tom, but it is different with you. Do you remember a little frightened creature whom you released one day from Farmer Axel's trap, because it squeaked so pitifully and seemed so terrified? That was my third son, Prince Grainem. I have not forgotten that day, Tom, and because I recollect it so well I grant your wish. Go, Treasurer, and fetch the seven gems. Meanwhile, Tom, if you have your pipe in your pocket, suppose you give us a tune. We moles are fond of music, but we seldom hear any in this under-ground retreat of ours."

Tom bowed,—that is to say, he rolled over and over, having no feet to stand upon.

"Your majesty," he said, "I regret to say that I have not my pipe about me. Since I became a tulip I have dispensed with pockets."

"That is a pity. But at all events you can whistle to us. And pray make the whistle sound as much like your pipe as you possibly can."

So Tom, puckering to the best of a two-lip's ability, whistled a dancing measure. So clear and shrill and lively was it, that all the moles clapped their paws, and then began dancing like mad, whirling each other about in circles, the Queen in the midst, enjoying it as much as anybody. Suddenly, as the fun was at its highest, in walked the Lord High Treasurer, bearing on his head a wonderful casket of crystal, through whose transpar-

ent sides could be seen the seven great gems, arranged in an oval circle. They shone, each like a little sun, and so intense and dazzling was the light they sent forth, that the courtiers stopped dancing and gathered round, blinking with admiration at the wonderful sight.

The Queen jumped nimbly from the throne. "Here they are," she said.

Tom rolled over and over, in his attempts to reach the casket. How was he to carry it?—he had no hands!

"Do you know any marching airs?" asked the Queen, seeing his difficulty.

"Several," answered Tom the Tulip.

"Strike up ther, and we'll all escort you out of our kingdom," said Clawdia Digabus. "Fall in, my subjects,—fall in, two by two. Burrower and hip——" waving her claws toward a couple of tall life-guardsmen, "push my tulip-friend along, and keep him rolling. Treasurer, carry that casket carefully. If you scratch it I'll have you skinned alive! Now, Thomas, strike up, and,—forward, moles!"

So, with light-running footmen ahead to keep the road clear, and all the court following, Tom was set rolling, and, to the tune of the Rogue's March, the procession of a thousand scampered toward daylight. The cut they took was a short one; but for all that, Tom's list of marches was quite exhausted before, at last, they emerged into the open air.

"There, Tom, there are your diamonds," said the Mole-queen, taking the gems from their casket. "Count them over when we are all gone, and five minutes after, you will cease to be a tulip and become a man again. Don't forget your promises, when you have the largest farm in the country."

With that she dived into the ground, and all her subjects after her.

Tom, being a tulip, had forgotten how to count; but one of his roots, which was a cube-root, prompted him, and no sooner did he pronounce the word "seven" than he sprang from the ground, a bulb no longer, but Tom the Piper in proper person. One minute later he met Hyacinth hurrying across the field.

"Wretch, impostor!" he called after Tom. "I was looking for you. My hyacinth is dead, and you are at the bottom of it, I am sure. Just wait a minute, and I will give you such a beating as you won't forget."

"Two can play at that game," replied Tom, stoutly. He took off his coat as he spoke, laid it carefully aside, rolled up his sleeves, and waited for Hyacinth to come on. But Hyacinth was staring at the diamonds which had fallen from the coat-pocket.

"Wh-at are they?" gasped he.

"Diamonds," said Tom, shortly.

"Diamonds! But who ever saw such diamonds? They are worth a kingdom,—or would be, if real. These are excellent imitations."

"You ought to be a good judge of imitations," said Tom, "but you happen to be wrong this time. The diamonds are real. They will look beautifully in Alixe's hair, don't you think so?"

"Alixe! Give such stones as those to that countrified little thing! You are mad. Oh, if they were mine! I should know what to do with them. Say, will you sell them to me? I'll give a quarter of my farm for them."

"A farm, all weeds and stones! No, thank you."

"Half, then."

"Oh dear, no."

"Come, the whole of it. You must confess that to be a handsome offer."

"Very well," said Tom, considering, "I'll sell for the whole. We will go at once to the lawyer and have the deed of gift drawn."

"On the contrary. We will go at once to the jeweler, and see if the stones are real," said Hyacinth.

"They are real as my love for Alixe," declared Tom, but he went with Hyacinth. The diamonds were pronounced of great value. The deed was signed. Hyacinth clutched his prize, seized his hat, dashed out of the door, and flew to the coach office to take passage for the capital. On the road he met Alixe, who called him to stop, but he took no notice of her, and half an hour later he had left his native town forever.

I may as well finish here, in a few words, the history of Hyacinth. The coach only carried him a few miles toward the capital, and set him down to walk the remainder of the way. Two days after, half dead with fatigue, he met a nobleman traveling alone who, for one of the diamonds, consented to give him a place in his chariot. On the way they talked together, Hyacinth's ambition was fired, and he gave his new friend a second diamond with which to buy him a title like his own. Thus he forgot his name. A third diamond was squandered in the purchase of fine clothes, in which he forgot his father and mother. A fourth went in the purchase of a palace, which made him forget his old home. The fifth diamond he presented to a lady of the court, who became his wife, and made him forget Alixe. The sixth filled his larder with luxuries, of which he ate so many that he fell ill; and the seventh paid for a splendid monument over his otherwise disregarded grave. Thus the seven great gems bought little beside disappointment, vexation and early death, and for all the good they did,

might as well have remained underground in the private treasury of the Queen of the Moles.

Far different was it with Tom the Piper. After Hyacinth's departure, he went to look at his new purchase. It was a sorry sight. The field was large, but had been neglected so long that it was run wild with weeds and brush, and covered thickly beside with moss-grown stones.

Tom for a moment felt dismayed. Then his courage rose again, and seizing a stake, he began to loosen and dig up the stones. The very first one he turned over revealed a nest of field-mice,—soft, tiny things, with closed eyes, and skins fine as silk.

"Poor little souls, I won't disturb them," said kind-hearted Tom to himself; "I'll just leave this corner for the mice. They *are* troublesome, it is true, but what is to be done?—all the world must live."

"Well reasoned, Tom," squeaked a voice close by.

Tom jumped! There, on a neighboring stone, sat the King of the Field-mice, with his leg in a sling, but looking bright and cheerful.

"Much obliged to you for not waking up my babies," he went on; "those small balls don't look like princes and princesses, but they are for all that, and a fine time we should have had if you had roused them. What's your grief now, Tom?"

"Cart-loads of stones to clean away, and no cart to do it with," replied Tom.

"Um! I see. You said, I think, that you would leave us this corner of the field?"

"Yes, I did, and I will."

"Will you throw in the stones? Stones are valuable building material, you know."

"You're welcome, I am sure. But it will take a dozen men three weeks to move them."

"We'll do the moving. It's a bargain, old fellow."

With this he gave a commanding squeak. At the signal up jumped an army of field-mice, and, first bowing to their monarch, fell to work as busily as bees, gnawing shrubs, rolling stones to one side, and digging up the weeds with their sharp little claws.

"Give us a look to-morrow," said the King to Tom, "and you'll see what you will see."

Sure enough, when Tom came next morning, the field was clear of stones, which were all neatly

piled on one side. The brush-wood was stacked ready for burning, and not a weed was anywhere visible.

"This is wonderful!" said Tom. "The ground is ready for tilling; but how am I to till it without either spade, plow or harrow?"

As he spoke, up through the ground, at his very feet, came the Mole-queen.

"If you'll make my subjects a present of all the worms, grubs and insects that are in the earth," she said, "we'll till the ground for you, Thomas."

"Will you, really?" cried Tom, overjoyed. "Take the grubs and welcome, though how you can want the nasty things, I cannot imagine. Meanwhile I will go to the village, play my pipe, and buy seed with the pence it earns me."

When he returned with his bag of corn, the field was burrowed all over, and the soil reduced to the finest powder. While he was planting the corn, Alixe came by. Her blue eyes opened with wonder when she saw what was doing.

"Why, this is Hyacinth's field," she said.

"Mine now," replied Tom. "And yours, dear Alixe, if you will have it."

"I am puzzled to know what to do," said Alixe, shyly. "My plants have both failed me. The hyacinth is quite dead, and the tulip looks very green indeed—certainly different. I should almost think it was an onion."

"It *is* an onion," said Tom. "Somebody pulled the tulip up, threw it away, and put an onion-bulb in its place."

"Oh!" cried Alixe, "and that somebody ——?"

"Was Hyacinth!"

"Shabby, dishonest fellow! But what is to be done now?"

"I can tell you," said Tom, seizing her hand, "Marry me!"

I suppose this plan struck Alixe as a good one, for when last I heard from that country,—which, as I said, is on the confines of Fairy-land,—Tom was living in a cottage covered with roses and eglantine, and built in the middle of the field once Hyacinth's, which the moles and the field-mice had helped to cultivate. There were bee-hives, and a garden full of tulips. And Tom's wife, my informant said, had golden hair, blue eyes, and the sweetest face in the world. Of her name, he was not sure, but he thought it began with an A. Don't you think it *must* have been Alixe?

LITTLE SNOW-DROP.

BY MARY E. BRADLEY.



"AND ONE FLEW DOWNWARD, WITH OUT-REACHING HAND."

ONCE, in the time of childhood's sweet romances,
I watched a snow-storm gathering in the sky,
And pleased myself with idle dreams and fancies
About the airy flakes that fluttered by.

"They are not snow-flakes, they are winter fairies
That fly about to see what children do;
I mean to make a wish," I cried, "and there is
The very one to make my wish come true!"

It floated down, a delicate snow-feather,
And on the window-coping lightly lay:
I laughed with glee, and clapped my hands together—
"It grants my wish; it does n't fly away!"

So through the night my fairies, trooping lightly,
 Their curling wreaths and dainty fleeces piled,
 And when the next day's sun shone on them brightly,
 It shone nowhere upon a happier child.

For while I slept, without a dream for warning,
 The wish I wished had come exactly true,
 And in my mother's arms I found that morning
 A baby sister with her eyes of blue.

I had not guessed there could be such a turning
 Of childish fancy to the actual thing;
 Though many a time, with unacknowledged yearning,
 I pictured all the sweetness it would bring.

And yet not all,—there are no words for showing
 Her sweetness, nor the joy it brought to me;
 A little snow-drop of the winter's growing,
 No summer blossom was as fair as she.

Her cheeks had such a color, faint and tender,
 As brier-roses in the hedges wear;
 And as she grew, a soft, sunshiny splendor
 Seemed always floating from her golden hair.

It was as if an angel, not a sister,
 Looked out at me from her clear, shining eyes;
 Alas! it was not long before they missed her,
 The angels she resembled in the skies!

One summer night, like sudden moonlight streaming
 Across the threshold of the door, they came;
 I saw their faces, and I was not dreaming,
 I heard them call the baby by her name.

They gathered swiftly round my little sister,
 And one flew downward, with out-reaching hand:
 "Come, little Snow-drop!"—and he softly kissed her—
 "The Father wants you in the happy land!"

My mother said I dreamed, for I was lying
 Upon the floor, her cradle-bed beside;
 Tired out with watching and with bitter crying,
 She would not wake me when the baby died.

It was not dreaming, though; I saw them clearly;
 Some day, perhaps, it may be mine to see
 The baby sister that I loved so dearly
 Leading the angels down to look for me!





SEA-SIDE SKETCHES.



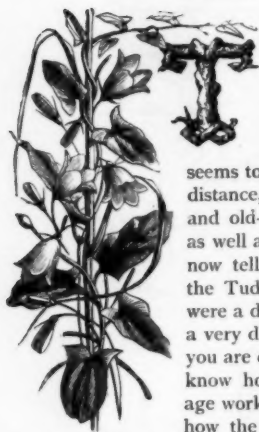
SEA-SIDE SKETCHES.

WINDSOR CASTLE.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER IV.

THE TUDORS.



THE English kings I have told you of hitherto have all been Plantagenets, a race which retains, or seems to retain across the long distance, something of chivalry and old-world grace—knights as well as kings. But I must now tell you of the reign of the Tudors at Windsor, who were a different family, and of a very different kind. When you are older you will learn to know how the temper of an age works upon its rulers, and how the rulers, on the other

hand, influence the age, which is such a very interesting question, that it will tax all your powers to fathom it; but I will not attempt to talk to you about this now. But one historical question I think I must give you to find out at your leisure, and that is how the Tudors came to the throne, and what right they had to be kings and queens of England.

I will not say much of Henry VII., because—which is an excellent reason, though one which writers do not always pay very great attention to—there is not much to say; that is, concerning our immediate subject. He was a great and wise and powerful king, very thrifty, not to say miserly, and left England in greater subjection to the throne than almost any previous king had done, besides enriching the royal family and filling the royal purse. But yet he did some magnificent things, though he was so careful of his money, and built himself one of the most glorious tombs that ever king had—the beautiful chapel called Henry VII.'s Chapel in Westminster Abbey. There are a great many people who are extremely economical where others are concerned, but who will cheerfully spend a great deal of money to glorify themselves. Henry the Seventh must have been this kind of man; for though he scraped and screwed during his whole life, he was evidently determined to have a magnificent resting-place, and had begun to build a beautiful chapel at Windsor before he thought of Westminster. We, however (whom Henry, you

may be sure, never thought of), are the chief gainers now, for we have two lovely chapels in consequence, the most perfect which the age could produce. The latter, the one at Windsor, was finished by Cardinal Wolsey, who also had the intention of being buried there. But you remember (you will find it all in Shakspeare) how the Cardinal fell, and died at Leicester, where the monks "gave him a little earth for charity." The chapel, after standing desolate for a long time, and being used for somewhat profane uses at royal weddings and such like, has been wonderfully decorated by pictures in colored marbles by her present Majesty, and is now called the Albert Memorial Chapel. I do not myself admire these pictures; but if you ever come to Windsor, you will see that the old chapel which Henry began for his tomb, and which Wolsey finished for a like purpose, though neither of them was buried there, has been made into the most costly and splendid shrine to the memory of that good Prince who was our Queen's husband and hero, though he, too, lies elsewhere in another grave—a curious little bit of architectural history.

However, to return to the Tudors. When we speak of this dynasty we mean one family, all the members of which reigned in succession—Henry the Eighth and his children. Of these children, the poor, pious boy who is known as Edward VI., and who died at fifteen, chilled by sickness and sadness, and the lonely grandeur which neither mother nor father protected, and which even his sisters did not warm with any glow of affection, may be left out of the record. Henry, with his daughters Mary and Elizabeth, are all we think of when we name this name; though there was a hot-blooded Queen Margaret of Scotland, who conveyed that same imperious strain to her granddaughter, Mary Stuart—who, though a Stuart, was a Tudor too. The Tudors, however, mean to us,—Henry, with his full face and staring eyes, the Royal Bluebeard, whose poor wives lost their heads without even such a plausible excuse as that dreadful chamber you know of; and Mary, who has had the terrible fortune to be called Bloody Mary, the most frightful title in history; and Elizabeth, the greatest and most fortunate of the race, one of the most famous sovereigns that ever reigned. I cannot pretend to tell you the histories of those three very remarkable people, which would carry us far away from our scene, and take more space than

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your magazine can afford; but I shall try to show you how they lived when they came to Windsor, and a few scenes that happened here in their time.

No doubt you have heard a great deal about Henry VIII. His reign was so important in the history of England that some people try to think better of him than he deserved; and his private history was so wicked and cruel that some people, perhaps, think worse of him than he deserved; but few remember that he was about forty before he began his special career of wickedness, and that before that time he was a popular monarch, very splendid, and fond of pageants, and doing nothing worse than other great people had been accustomed to do. When he came to the throne he was but eighteen; so you see that very young people, not much older than yourselves, have been put into very powerful and important positions in the old times, and have had to learn to be men and princes, and to be flattered and obeyed when they ought still to have been under masters and teachers, which will perhaps make you envy them, and perhaps make you sorry for them. Which? I think it should be the last. When this splendid, handsome young prince (for he was handsome when he was young, with his bright hair and big blue eyes) came to the throne after his old curmudgeon of a father, the people were delighted, for young princes are almost always popular. He came to Windsor in the first year of his reign, and built the great gate-way by which we now enter the Castle, and which is called by his name; and here is a little account of how this fine young king of eighteen behaved himself, which I do not doubt you will be pleased to see:

"He exercised himself daily in shooting, singing, dancing, wrestling, casting of the bar, playing on the recorders, flute, virginals, in setting of songs and making of ballads; he did set two full masses, every of them five parts, which were sung oftentimes in his chapel, and afterward in divers places. And when he came to Oking (on the way to Windsor) there were kept both jousts and tournaments; the rest of this progress was spent in hunting, hawking, and shooting."

What is called a "progress" here is simply a journey—a splendid and merry journey made on horseback; his gay young companions about the young King riding across the beautiful summer country through Richmond and by the winding Thames; visiting the great houses of the nobles on their way, where feasts were spread for them, where there was here a masque to be played, and there a tournament to be held. Gay music and splendid dresses, such velvets and brocades and cloth-of-gold as we never see nowadays, made a glitter and dazzle of brightness wherever the Court passed, and their progress was nothing but a succession of pageants and merry-makings. Though he was so young, Henry was married, and no doubt there

were ladies too in his train; and thus they went, singing and glittering beneath the sunshine, horses prancing, young voices chattering, hounds baying, the gayest company! All along the road as they went by, how the village people must have come out to gaze at them, shouting their hurrahs for young King Harry! And when he got to the gray old Castle, where so many other King Harrys had been before him, then what sports there were, and great dances in the Hall, and masques and feasts of all kinds; yet sometimes serious moments in which—perhaps after service at St. George's, with the religious music still sounding solemn in his ears—the young King would retire to some private chamber looking out upon the woods, and note down a new chant for his choristers, proud of himself and them. How the courtiers must have praised those new chants of his, and thought them sweeter than the grand Gregorian tones!—for you know there had been few composers of music in those ancient days, and your Handels and Mozarts were not yet born.

Some years after this, a young poet, the Earl of Surrey, passed a great many pleasant boyish years in Windsor, of which he has left a record in a poem written when he was a prisoner in the same castle, which will show you what were the occupations of the gay young nobles in Henry VIII.'s reign. The prisoner, a young man, arrested when life was sweetest, pined and sorrowed in his tower,—no doubt seated at his window like the Scotch King James of whom I told you, for he tells us that

"Windsor walls sustained my wearied arm;
My hand my chin, to ease my restless head,"—

and sent his thoughts back to the cheerful days which he used to spend there in "the large, green courts,"

"With eyes cast up unto the maiden's tower."

The maiden's tower was where the ladies used to sit out upon the roof looking down at the games below; and there the youths "cast up their eyes," with "easy sighs such as folk draw in love." Here is how young Surrey spent this sweet time of his youth. The palme-play (*jeu de paume*) of which he speaks is now, I believe, called tennis; the "sleeves tied on the helm" refers to the ladies' favors worn on their helmets by the young knights, distinguishing them among their visored opponents, so that each lady could follow her own vassal through the mimic fight; for by this time tournaments had ceased to be anything more than pageants and sportive encounters of arms:

"The palme-play, when despoiled for the game
With dazed eyes, oft we by gleams of love
Have missed the ball, and got sight of our dame
To bait her eyes which kept the leads above.

The graveled ground, with sleeves tied on the helm.
 On foaming horse, with swords and friendly hearts,
 With chere as though one should another whelm :
 When we have fought and chased oft with darts,
 With silver drops the meads yet spread for mirth
 In active games of nimbleness and strength ;
 When we did strain, trained with swarms of youth
 Our tender limbs that yet shot up in length.
 The secret groves which oft we made resound
 Of pleasant plaint and of our ladies' praise,
 Recording oft what grace each one had found.
 What hope of speed, what dread of long delays,
 The wild forests, the clothed holts with green,
 With reins availed and swift y-breathed horse,
 With cry of hounds and merry blasts between
 When we did chase the fearful hart of force.
 The void walls eke which harbored us each night,
 Wherewith, alas ! reviveth in my breast
 The sweet accord, such sleeps as yet delight :
 The pleasant dreams, the quiet bed of rest ;
 The sweet thoughts imparted with such trust,
 The wanton talk, the divers change of play,
 The friendship sworn, each promise kept so just,
 Wherewith we past the winter night away."

You see how little human nature changes in three hundred years. You boys and girls in the nineteenth century tell your "sweet thoughts" to each other, and swear friendship just as young Surrey did in 1535 or so,—and when you are older you will look back and sigh for these sweet days of youth, like the poet ; but I am glad to think that none of you are like to have such an end as noble Surrey had, who was beheaded in 1547, on the most false and foolish charge of treason—a mere pretext for judicial murder. So far as this goes, we may all be very happy that the times have changed. But youth was pleasant then as it is now.

I need not tell you how Henry VIII., after all the innocent gayety of his youth, and the splendor and extravagance which his love of shows and pageantry led him into, did a great many brutal and wicked things as he grew older, and beheaded one wife after another as he got tired of them ; nor how strangely it came about, by the guidings of Providence, that the Reformation, for which a great many good people in England were longing, was brought into the country by means of Henry's wicked desire to get rid of his queen, Katherine, and marry a pretty lady of the Court with whom he had fallen in love. It is wrong to give the name of Love to such a fancy, which began in wickedness and ended in blood ; for love is lovely and pure and true, not treacherous and vile ; and I wish very much, for my part, that the Reformation had come in a holier and better way—but, unfortunately, these are facts which we cannot deny. King Henry, after killing his two first wives, one with grief and the other with the axe, tried very hard to shut out his daughters Mary and Elizabeth from the succession to the throne by calling them illegitimate. But there was some sense of right in the

country, though it was so crushed by long tyranny that it trembled before the King and let him do almost whatever he pleased. Wolsey, the great cardinal, and Cromwell, the great statesman, and Cranmer, the great archbishop, all helped Henry, though I cannot suppose they liked it, to do those cruel things which he had set his heart upon, and get a new wife like a new mantle. But when he was dead, England roused up so far that none but the natural heirs could be put upon the throne. After poor little pious Edward VI., who was as weakly and as sad as Henry VI. (of whom I have told you), but who was better off than Henry in so far that he escaped all the troubles of life when he was fifteen—the country would hear of no one but Mary, who was the daughter of Henry VIII. and of Queen Katherine. Though they knew she hated Protestantism, yet even the very Protestants stood up for her ; which proves that they were honest men and loved justice more even than they loved their own side, and even their own lives.

I have not room to tell you much about Mary Tudor. When she was quite a young girl her mother was wronged ; many of the girls who read this will, I have no doubt, be old enough to feel how their own hearts would burn if their good mothers were wronged and made miserable as hers was. Poor Mary was embittered from her very childhood by this ; and who can wonder if in her heart she hated the new religious party which had helped her father to divorce and break her mother's heart ! Think what a terrible thing this was, and you will be sorry for her. And she was always ill, sick from her very childhood of a painful disease, and scorned and slighted at Court, where there was always another and another new stepmother, and no home for the poor princess who was out of favor. But now and then, when she came to Windsor in her youth, while her father's terrible career was going on, "my lady's grace," as she was called, seems to have been good and kind to the poor people about, who brought her presents of venison and fruit and cakes to show their sympathy. Mary gave them presents in return, and was godmother to their children, and seems to have shown some sweetness and natural grace, such as became a young lady and a princess. Three poor men were burnt alive under the Castle walls for heresy during this early period of her life, by King Henry's orders ; so that burning and beheading were no varieties to her—not things to make the blood run cold, as with us. She was kept in the background all her life till the moment when she suddenly rose to be mistress and monarch of everything, nobody venturing to say no to her. And then you have read in your histories how dreadful were the few years of her reign, and how this hardly used, suffer-

ing woman, who had sometimes herself been in danger of her life, and who had spent so many tedious, weary years in obscurity, came to be called Bloody Mary and to fill all England with the horror of her persecutions. Poor soured, wronged, un-

sure my lady's grace had no thoughts of blood in her mind. She was wild with sorrow and wrong and power and perverse faith when her hour of dominion came.

When this unhappy, bloody, fiery, heart-broken



QUEEN ELIZABETH.—[FROM A PORTRAIT TAKEN FROM LIFE.]

happy woman ! The evil she did was all crowded up in these few years, and so seemed greater, perhaps, than it really was. But when she rode in Windsor Park, trying to forget her early troubles, and when she stood by the font in St. George's, holding the babies who were not little princes and princesses, but poor people's children, giving them kind presents and smiling softly upon them, I feel

Queen died, everybody was glad. Was there ever so sad a thing ? Instead of weeping, the people rang joy-bells and lit bonfires, to show their delight. How glad they were to be rid of her ! and not much wonder. The name of Elizabeth rang joyfully through the London streets and over all England as soon as the breath was gone out of her sister's worn and suffering frame. Elizabeth was

twenty-five; it has been the fashion to speak of her as old and ugly just as it has been the fashion to speak of her cousin Mary, the Queen of Scots, as beautiful; but in reality these two queens were like each other. I suppose Mary Stuart must have had more natural fascination than Elizabeth possessed; but, though you may be surprised to hear it, her features, according to her portraits, were very like those of the English queen, who was a handsome and splendid princess, with imperious, delightful manners, frank and gracious, though easily angered and passionate, and the most popular of all English sovereigns. History is not fond of this great woman, and much ill has been spoken of her; and she did many cruel and terrible things, and probably shed much more blood in her long reign than Bloody Mary did in her short one; but the people always loved Elizabeth—loved her at the beginning, and loved her to the end. This might be quite unreasonable, but still it was the fact. All that Mary did has been judged hardly, and almost all that Elizabeth did has been judged favorably. Such injustices are not unusual; they occur still every day.

Elizabeth was as fond of pageantry as her father. Wherever she went it was in state, making "progresses" everywhere; a slow manner of traveling, but very amusing for the people, you may be sure, who thus had so many fine shows provided for them, such as we have no chance of nowadays. At Eton (which, as I have already told you, is close to Windsor), the boys and the masters all came out and made Latin speeches to her, and presented her with books full of verses, all beautifully written out in Greek and Latin, for which you may suppose all the sixth form had been cudgeling their brains for weeks before, and in which the praises of the great Elizabeth were sung till words could go no further. Probably the fine ladies and the fine gentlemen were often tired of those speeches; but Elizabeth, who was herself a great scholar, listened to them all, and now and then would find out a false quantity and criticise the Latin. And since I have no room to tell you very much more about this famous queen, the greatest of the Tudors, I will conclude by showing you how in the beginning of her reign she carried on her studies at Windsor, and worked hard, as every one must do who wishes to fill a great position well, or to acquire a great position if they are not born to it. Elizabeth had no one to tell her what she ought to do, as you young people have. She was an absolute monarch, obeyed and feared by everybody around her. Now listen to what Roger Ascham says about her, who was one of the great scholars of the day:

"Ascham was so extremely taken with his royal mistress's diligence and advancement in learning, that once he brake out in an address to

the young gentlemen of England—"That it was their shame that one maid should go beyond them all in excellence of learning and knowledge of divers tongues. Point forth" (as he made the challenge) "six of the best-given gentlemen of the Court; and all they together show not so much goodwill, spend not so much time, bestow not so many hours daily, orderly and constantly, for the increase of learning and knowledge as doth the Queen's majesty herself. I believe that, besides her perfect readiness in Latin, Italian, French and Spanish, she readeth here now at Windsor more Greek every day than some Prebendarie of this Church doth reade Latin in a whole week. And that which is most praiseworthy of all, within the walls of her Privy-chamber she hath obteyned that excellence of learning to understand, speak and write, both wittily with head and faire with hand, as scarce one or two rare wittes in both the universities have in many years reached unto."

Some years later than this, one winter, when the Queen was at Windsor,—to escape from the plague, or some other pestilence such as was more common in those days than they are now,—she amused herself by making a translation of Boethius,



THE NORTH TERRACE, MADE BY QUEEN ELIZABETH.

a Latin philosopher; and there is quite a curious calculation among the State records, made by one of the royal secretaries, of the exact number of hours which Elizabeth occupied in this work—so many hours one day, so many hours another. "And then accepting two houres only bestowed every day, one with another, the computation fallith out that in fowre-and-twenty houres your Majesty began and ended your translation." From this you will see that Queen Elizabeth, who had (as we say) so many things to be proud of, was proud of her work and her industry most of all.

This, however, was not her only way of spending her leisure, as you may well suppose. There were still great huntings of the "fearful hart," as in

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Surrey's time, at which the Queen was one of the boldest riders; and here is a curious little bit of a letter, which you must make out for yourselves, written by the Earl of Leicester, and addressed to "the right honourable, and my singular good Lorde, my L. of Cantbries' grace"—which means the Archbishop of Canterbury:

"My L. The Q. Mathe being abroad hunting yesterday in the Forrest, and having hadd vearly good Happ beside great Sport, she hath thought good to remember yo^r Grace with P^r of her Pray, and so comaunded me to send you from her Highnes a great and fat Stagge, killed with her owen Hand."

This was one of her amusements. Then there were great "triumphs" and tournaments, and plays and dances and every kind of festivity. One of the knights at a Triumph in honor of the coronation day spent four hundred pounds upon his dress and the present he offered, which was a much larger sum than it seems now. There never was so gorgeous a reign. There is a story that Shakspeare's play of the "Merry Wives of Windsor" was written at Elizabeth's command, to amuse her and her

Court. Fancy having Shakspeare to write plays for you, when you wanted something new! It was worth while in such a case, was it not, to be a queen?

I should like to tell you a great deal more about Elizabeth, but, alas! I have no more room. She built the fine terrace, which is shown in the picture, and which now makes a beautiful line at the summit of the Slopes, so rich with beautiful trees, and in the spring almost knee-deep in violets. And there is a fine gallery looking in the same direction, which now forms part of the Royal Library and is called Queen Elizabeth's Gallery. Opening off from this gallery is a tiny little octagon room, all windows, like a lantern, in which Queen Anne was taking tea when the news of the battle of Blenheim was brought to her. So you see how the generations are linked together in this old Castle. In the next chapter I will try to tell you something of the Stuarts, the next reigning family, who were very different from these violent and vigorous Tudors, but, like them, ended in a queen.

LITTLE DAME DOT.

(Not a True Story.)

BY MARGERY DEANE.

LITTLE Dame Dot was a wee old woman—the weest old woman ever you saw. She was so thin, and so little, and so light, that it did almost seem as though you could ride her on a feather; and you never would dare draw a long breath in the same room with her, for fear the draft of it would send her up the chimney.

Now being quite alone in the world, Dame Dot's sole comfort and care was a pair of bright knitting-needles. These, the good townfolk say, were never out of her hands, except on a Sunday, and even then she kept her fingers in motion from mere habit, though her eyes were intently fixed on the minister through the whole service.

At other times, sitting or walking, silent or talking, morning, noon and night, little Dame Dot was always knitting. If she had knit all her stitches in a straight row, it would certainly have reached round the world; but she knit round and round for stockings, up and down for blankets, and back and forth for comforters,—clickety-click, clickety-click, clickety-click!

Whenever she walked abroad she carried her knitting with her, and in windy weather all the

people would say: "Little Dame Dot will surely blow away!" But she did n't, and she did n't, till nobody really thought she would, or that anything of the kind would happen to her.

But once upon a time, when it blew and blew and blew, something did happen. Little Dame Dot took her walk and her knitting, thinking of nothing but the gray yarn and the shining needles, though all the breezes were out, and playing tag with the leaves and sticks and bits of paper in the streets, and slamming blinds and doors in people's faces. A little breeze took her off her feet the very moment she appeared on the door-step; but set her down all right on the pavement, and off she went, saying to herself and to her needles: "One, two, seams; one, two, three." And they went clickety-click, clickety-click, clickety-clack!

Just as she reached the white church, with its tall spire, a bigger breeze than all the rest caught her in its airy arms, and, quick as a wink, carried her up into the sky and out of sight, needles and all, except the gray ball which she let drop in her hasty flight.

Soon after, down the street came little Billy

Baker. "What ever is this?" he said, as he tried to pick up something that was flying along the ground like mad.

"What ever is it?" said fat Tommy Tubbs, coming home from school, with a slate in one hand and a green apple in the other.

"What ever is it?" chimed in Polly Popp, going by in a red cloak, with her petticoats all in a flutter.

"It's a ball of yarn!" said Billy.

"It's a ball of yarn!" said Tommy.

"It is a ball of yarn!" said Polly.

"Wherever's the end?" said Billy.

"Wherever's the end?" said Tommy.

"Wherever is the end?" said Polly.

Then came all the boys and the girls, and the men and the women round about, to see whatever they three were talking about.

"See! see!" said somebody, pointing up above the steeple; and they saw a little speck, like a kite, way up in the sky.

"It's little Dame Dot!" said Billy Baker.

"It's little Dame Dot!" said Tommy Tubbs.

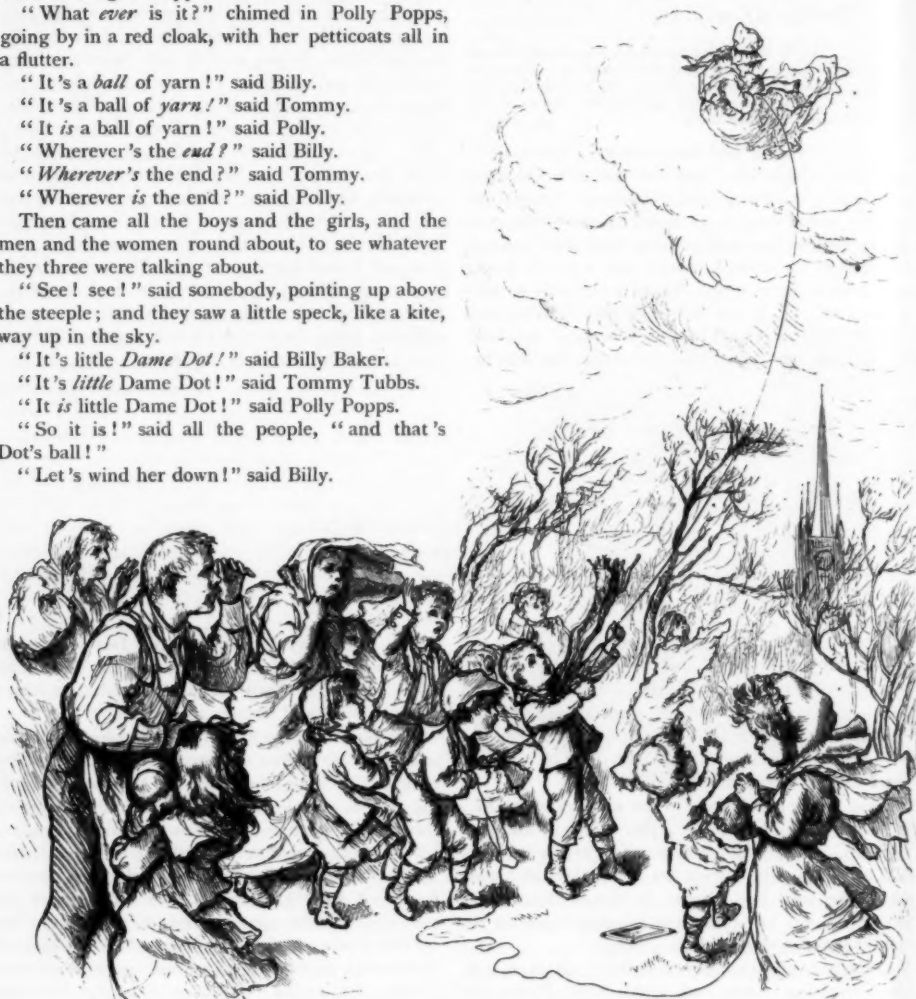
"It is little Dame Dot!" said Polly Popp.

"So it is!" said all the people, "and that's Dot's ball!"

"Let's wind her down!" said Billy.

same as ever, and as if the queerest thing that ever was heard of had not just happened to her.

Pretty soon they could hear her say: "One, two, seam; one, two, three," and then she touched the ground, and she said: "I thank you for my



"LITTLE DAME DOT CAME NEARER AND NEARER."

"Yes, wind her down!" said Tommy, and Polly, and everybody.

And Billy Baker pulled and pulled, and Polly wound, and little Dame Dot grew bigger and bigger, and came nearer and nearer, till everybody could see her knitting away for all the world the

ball, Polly Popp. I'm much obliged to you, Billy Baker. You are *very* kind, Tommy Tubbs," and she made a low courtesy to everybody, and walked off home, counting to herself, "One, two, seam; one, two, three." Clickety-click, clickety-click, clickety-clack!

Billy Baker said: "Well, I never!"

Tommy Tubbs said: "Well, I never!"

Polly Pops said: "Well, I never!" and then all the people said: "WELL, I NEVER!"

Then spoke up Billy Baker: "Something must be done, or little Dame Dot will blow away and never come back any more, and whatever should we do in the village for comforters?"

"And mittens," said Tommy Tubbs.

"And garters," said Polly Pops.

"AND STOCKINGS," said all the people.

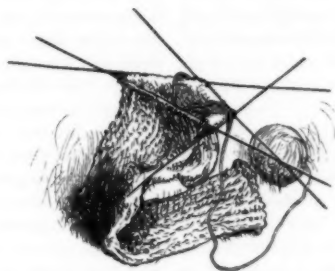
"We'll put weights on her," said somebody.

"Oh, yes!—we'll put weights on her!" shouted everybody.

And they did.

Never since that day has wee Dame Dot ventured abroad without one little iron weight hung on her neck, two little iron weights hung on her elbows, and three little iron weights tied on to her petticoats.

And she knits, and knits, and knits. Clickety-click, clickety-click, clickety-clack!



SPINNING AND WEAVING.

BY MRS. ADELINE D. T. WHITNEY.

A HUNDRED years ago,—everything of any interest just now was a hundred years ago, though this that I am going to say was just as true fifty years ago;—a hundred years ago, in every farmhouse and village house all over New England, there was one thing, and one interest, that has vanished and died out and been superseded. A thing that belonged to the *girls*; and an interest and ambition that the girls grew up to. A pretty picturesque thing, and a pretty feminine industry and emulation that cannot be replaced.

It was the old spinning-wheel, with its light lines and its graceful treadle; as artistic a fireside ornament as a harp, and as suggestive of low pleasant music, and quiet, restful moods. And the busy ambition was the spinning stores and stores of fine white wool and glistening flax, to make blankets and flannels, and beautiful bed and table linen; trying who, in her maidenhood, could lay by most, and smoothest, and fairest, against her matronhood.

Every girl learned to draw the buzzing threads,

and turn with quick deft motion the whirling circle that twisted them so swift and firm; to step lightly to and fro beside the big one, or lean from her low seat to the spindle of the little flax-wheel, as the yarn or the thread drew out and in, in the twirling and the winding. And so, every girl was a "spinner," and kept on spinning, all her possible time, until she married, and took home to her husband's house, for years and years of thrifty comfortable wear, the "purple and fine linen" she had made.

You are spinsters now, every one of you. That is what the law calls you, until you are married women. And that is what life makes you, whether you will or no,—whether you like it or not.

You can't get rid of it; though the spinning-wheels are dropping to pieces in the old garrets, and the great factories are thundering beside the rivers, to turn wool and cotton into all the cloth the great hurried world needs; where no one any longer makes anything for himself, but makes or fetches,—or catches hold and pretends to have a

hand in fetching,—something in whole or in part for everybody else; that everybody else's work may come round to him, in the different kinds, as he wants it. All right; all inevitable. And yet you girls are spinsters, just as much as ever girls were.

What a poor, slack, twisted, uneven thread you turn off, some of you! What sleazy, unserviceable, fraying stuff it will weave into,—what rough, worrying garments it will make, and you will have to wear, one of these days, when you will begin to wish you had realized your spinsterhood, and minded better the distaff and the wheel.

I suppose there is not one of you who does not think that “by and by” holds all things right and beautiful for you; things just as you would have them; an ideal self, such as you would be, in an ideal home, such as you will surely make, “if ever you have a house of your own.”

When things go criss-cross,—when your life discontents you,—when the old and the tiresome and the hindering, the threadbare and the every-day annoy and jar,—then you think of this house of your own, this time of your own, this life of your own, that are coming, in which shall be freshness, and satisfying, and things in your own way. You improve wonderfully upon your mother's fashions: you “never will have” this, and you “always will have” that. Well, how is it to come about? I will tell you one thing; you never will jump into it and find it ready made.

It has got to be by your own spinning and weaving, now beforehand. You are getting your house and your home ready every day. By and by, well or ill plenished, you will have to live in it. Are you really laying up anything toward it, as the grandmothers made and laid by their sheets and their “pillow-biers,” and their pretty damask-patterned table napery, and saw them piling up in chest or on shelf, for the certain furnishing? If not, do you want to know how to begin? Are you willing to spin some little real thread every day? You can. You can always be about it. You can be growing rich in things that will be actual comforts and providings, ready to your hand when you want them, and when you cannot get them up in a hurry at the moment's need.

Everything you know how to do, that is done in a home, is something spun and woven and laid upon the store; something acquired for a life-time, that will last as those beautiful old linens used to last; something that you will never have to spin and weave again.

I do not mean something that you have done once, or once in a while, or that you think you know how *ought* to be done. I mean something that you have got at your fingers' ends, till it does not seem hard to you, or cost you the least toil of

thought and anxiety. Something that you can handle as you handle your crochet-needle, or run your fingers up and down the piano keys, playing your scales. Something that you can do as you “do your hair,” or tie a bow-knot in your cravat; with turns and touches that you do not measure or think about, but have got so used to that the right thing comes of it,—the result that is nice and becoming, and full of a skillful grace that cannot be analyzed or got at by method or recipe, but that you have just grown into, forgetting how.

The terror of housework, the terror of servantless interregnums, the toil and ache of things unaccustomed, the burden of care whose details are unfamiliar,—all these, with the breakdown of hope and strength that they bring, are because of things left till that time you are dreaming of; threads unspun till the house-linen ought to be in the closet. You could n't tie a bow-knot without labor and worry; you could n't make thimble and needle work together to take ten stitches, if you had done either thing just once or twice a good while ago, and not every day of your life for ever so long,—if you just knew the theory of the thing and had never put it to use. And every bit of a woman's work and responsibility in a home, when she takes it up as a strange thing, is like tying a bow-knot for the first time, or like sewing or knitting or crocheting to one who has never touched the implements before. When you think of trying one such task after another, day after day, in all the complex doing that “housekeeping” implies, with your very living depending upon it all the while, you may well fancy how it is that American girls break down under the physical and mental strain that comes upon so many of them with that fulfillment of their happy hopes—the having and ordering a “house of their own.” There is no help for it, but just the making all these things, in their knowledges, such parts of yourselves as the alphabet and the multiplication table, and the consciousness of the parts of the day and week and year, are; things that have been used till they are like limbs and senses—natural furnishings, that you feel as if you were born with. Then, you can take hold of life, and live. You have not got the whole way and method to invent for yourself.

And the best of all is, that *one* thing grasped in this way is the *essential* grasped of a great many more. Every side of a honeycomb cell is the converse side of another; every row of knitting is half a stitch all along for the next row; in all kinds of building and making, that which is completed is already the beginning of the farther structure.

Begin with your own things and your own place. That is what your mother will tell you if you rush to her, enthusiastic with great intentions, and offer

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to relieve her of half her housekeeping. Don't draw that little bucket of cold water to have it poured back upon your early zeal. Reform your upper bureau-drawer; relieve your closet-pegs of their accumulation of garments out of use a month or two ago. Institute a clear and cheerful order, in the midst of which you can daily move; and learn to keep it. Use yourself to the beautiful,—which is the right,—disposing of things *as you handle them*; so that it will be a part of your toilet to dress your room and its arrangements while you dress yourself; leaving the draperies you take off as lightly and artistically hung, or as delicately folded and placed, as the skirts you loop carefully to wear, or the ribbon and lace you put with a soft neatness about your throat. Cherish your instincts of taste and fitness in every little thing that you have about you. Let it grow impossible to you to put down so much as a pin-box where it will disturb the orderly and pleasant grouping upon your dressing-table; or to stick your pins in your cushion, even, at all sorts of tipsy and uncomfortable inclinations. This will not make you "fussy"—it is the other thing that does that; the *not* knowing, except by fidgety experiment, what is harmony and the intangible grace of relation. Once get your knowledge beyond study, and turn it into *tact*,—which is literally having it at your fingers' ends, as I told you,—and order will breathe about you, and grace evolve from commonest things, and uses and belongings, wherever you may be; and "putting things to rights" will not be separate task-work and trouble, any more than it is in the working of the solar system. It will go on all the time, and with a continual pleasure.

Take upon yourself gradually,—for the sake of getting them in hand in like manner, if for no other need,—*all* the cares that belong to your own small territory of home. Get together things for use in these cares. Have your little wash-cloths and your sponges for bits of cleaning; your furniture-brush and your feather duster, and your light little broom and your whisk and pan; your bottle of sweet oil and spirits of turpentine, and piece of flannel, to preserve the polish, or restore the gloss, where dark wood grows dim or gets spotted. Find out, by following your surely growing sense of thoroughness and niceness, the best and readiest ways of keeping all fresh about you. Invent your own processes; they will come to you. I shall not lay down rules or a system for you. When you have made yourself wholly mistress of what you can learn and do in your own apartment, so that it is easier and more natural for you to do it than to let it alone,—so that you don't count the time it takes any more than that which you have to give to your own bathing and hair-dressing,—then you

have learned enough to keep a whole house, so far as its cleanly ordering is concerned.

But don't keep going to your mother. You have every one of you probably some little independence of money, or some possibility of economizing it. Buy your own utensils; set up your own establishment, if only by slow degrees. You will know the good of it then; and you will be setting up your character at the same time. There will be no sudden violent resolution and undertaking, which drafts aid and encouragement from everybody about you, getting up prospective virtue by subscription, and upsetting half the current order of the household for an uncertain experiment. Be in earnest enough to make your own way, and before you or anybody else thinks about it, you will have become a recognized force in the domestic community; you will have risen into your altitude without assumption, just as you are growing, by invisible hair-breadths, into your womanly stature.

Then, some day, you may say to your mother, "Let me have charge of the china-closet and pantry, please;" and you may enter upon a new realm, having fairly conquered your own queen-dom. And I can tell you this new one will be a pretty and a pleasant realm to queen in; an epitome of the whole housework practiced in dainty, easy little ways. Shelves to be kept nice, wiped down with a soft wet cloth wrung from the suds that cups and silver have come out bright from; cups and silver, plates and dishes, to be ranged in prettiest lines and piles and groups on the fresh shelves; cupboardsto be regulated with light daily touches and replacements; yesterday's cake and cake-basket, fruit or jelly, custards or blanc-mange, to be overlooked and newly dished for the next table-setting; the nice remnant of morning cream to be transferred to a fresh jug and put in a cool clean corner; to-day's parcels, perhaps, to be bestowed; and the doors closed, with a feeling of plenty and comfort that only the thrifty, delicate housewife—who knows and utilizes the resources that are but uncomfortable odds and ends to the disorderly, heedless, procrastinating one—ever has the pleasure of. All this is, cosily and in miniature to the larger care of kitchen and larder, what the little girl's baby-house has been (if she began, like a true woman-child, to "spin and weave" for her womanly vocation) to the "house of her own" that she—you—began to talk of then, and that you are earning a right to now. And pretty soon this daily care,—this daily pleasure,—will have become a facile thing, a thing easily slipped into the day's programme, and never to be a mountain or a bugbear any more, either to do or to teach; because you "know every twist and turn of it," and it is not a process of conscious detail, but a

simple whole that you can dispose of with a single thought and its quick mechanical execution.

In like manner, again, you can take up cooking. You can learn to make bread, until the fifteen minutes' labor that it will be for you to toss up the dough for to-morrow's baking, will not seem to you a terrible infliction, when it happens that you may have it to do, any more than the mending of a pair of gloves for to-morrow's wearing; simply because it will be an old accustomed thing that you know the beginning and the end of,—not a vague, untried toil looming in indefinite proportions, that are always the awful ones.

You can take some simple frequent dish, and for a while make it your business to prepare it whenever it is wanted,—dipped toast, perhaps, or tea-muffins; and you will wonder, when you pass on to some other thing of the sort in change, how the familiar managing one matter of measuring and mixing, boiling or baking, has given you "judgment" and handling for the clever achievement of the next. For there are declensions and conjugations in the grammar of housewifery, and a few receipts and processes become like "Musa, musæ," and "Amo, amare," and make you free of the whole syntax of cookery, and, like "all print" to Silas Wegg, all its parsing and construction are open to you.

I can only briefly hint and sketch in this one limited "talk." But a little leaven leaveneth; if you begin on the *principle* I try to show you, you will feel yourself gathering powers and wisdoms, and these very powers and wisdoms will themselves open to you the methods and suggestions of more. More, and deeper and higher; for you will begin to reach into things behind the outward ordering, that are inevitably related, and out of which all true and orderly expression grows.

You will begin to order yourself: you will have begun already. You are making the manner of woman you shall be in this living of yours, that is to be externally pure and sweet and gracious.

This also will have, and is having, its outward stage; but it deepens inwardly, in its own turn, day by day. Everything thorough must.

You want to make yourself pretty and pleasing; lovely, feminine, attractive in person and movement and dress. This almost always comes first; it is the object-teaching and leading; good and true *in its place*, and not thrown away as valueless or evil, even when the truth behind it comes to be seen and sought. A woman *should* be sweet and pleasing; if she have a sweet and pleasing nature, she will be, whether her nose be Greek or snub, her hair dusky or golden. There is a secret to it that I wish I could tell you without seeming to fall into the trite old sayings that you will think are put in

for properness,—to be agreed to and then dropped for quicker inventions; for little arts and tricks and studies and touches that slip dangerously into false habit and self-absorption, corrupting the nature and the life-love, and defeating desire with its own anxiety.

The short road is not all the way round upon the circumference, but straight out,—a radius from the heart. And this is not a moral saying, opposing itself to your inclination, but a real "open sesame" to help you quickest to what you want. It is the secret by which the rose blooms. You could not put its petals on; you can make a rag-rose so, but it will be a rag-rose after all. Nature has cunninger, sweeter, easier ways; she works no clumsy, laborious miracles, wrong-side out. She nurses a live, hidden something,—a true desire to *be*. And the sunshine and the rain, and all outside life that is, searches and meets the answering life in the green little bud; and *that* stirring, stirs all the lovely, secret possibilities that are under the green, outward into tender petaling and color and fragrance; and the rose, that was *meant* to be, is born. "For God giveth it a body as it hath pleased him; to every seed its own body." Just believe this: be alive to the things that are *not* yourself, and yourself shall surely be as beautiful as God sees you can be.

An old woman told me once, when I was a little girl: "Don't look much in the glass; it spoils your complexion." I suppose it was a device, but it hit the very fact. Look in the glass; think of yourself, and take care of your person, and your dress, just as much as must be, to put yourself in fresh and appropriate order; and mind you refer the question of how much that is, always and faithfully, to conscience. Then go away and forget; and don't get a habit of glancing and returning, needlessly. You cannot think how much that strict self-judgment would condemn will be saved by just making and keeping this rule. And how greatly you will gain, too, in the very things that you would take too much thought for, and that your Father knoweth your need of, and will give you as He gives to the lilies and roses. "I am the rose of Sharon; I am the lily of the valley." Beauty and perfectness are hidden in Him, and come out from Him. If His life is in you, you need not be afraid. You will not be unlovely; you will not miss of anything that you can be. "No good thing, and no perfect thing, will He withhold from them that walk uprightly." But every over-anxiety hinders and interferes with His work. Every look that you study in yourself, for mere look's sake; every way you practice for affecting,—even for an involuntary instant,—will counteract and spoil some better look and reality that might have graced you. Don't

look in the glass too much, literally or metaphorically; it will spoil your *complexion*, which is your true harmony and putting together.

Lay up your treasure in heaven. Spin and weave for the life-garments; for these are in the unseen kingdom, and the seen things are only signs of them. Make yourself, every day, some even thread; weave carefully some faithful web in your temper and character. Be sweet, be beautiful in your thoughts. Be full of gladness along with others, full of interest in others' plans; grow strong in patience, by bearing evenly with little bothers; every one of them shall help you to be strong against great troubles and in great needs; calm and wise for yourself and your *others*, to save troubles and meet needs that will face you by and by. Spinsters of your very selves you are; and, since life grows inevitably from the seed of self,—since it is existence, not imposition,—spinsters of your own story and circumstance, beforehand, more than you dream. You are making, now, the plan

of a whole life-time; your occurrences shall be different, according as you spin at your wheel of character, the thread of your identity that is to run through them; for character does make circumstance; some things cannot happen alike to all, since all living does not lead into the same possibilities of happening.

This is the wonder of the spinning and weaving that we are all set to do for ourselves here in this world; working at wheels of life from which are fashioned and furnished our garment and our whole house for the time everlasting; the body and condition that we shall find grown out from the fitness we have made in ourselves, as surely as we find the flower grown from the seed we have planted: "Earnestly desiring"—and it is the real, earnest desire that all the while creates and determines in kind and quality—"to be clothed upon with our house which is from heaven," or from the inward. "If so be, that being clothed upon, we be not found naked."

MIDSUMMER FROLICS.



DOWN in the deep grass, close by the hill,
Some one is having a party;
Never was heard on a summer night still,
Buzz of enjoyment so hearty.

Strange! for the elves are no longer on earth.
Strange! for the fairies are over!
But, sure as you live, there are frolic and mirth
For somebody, down in the clover.

THE BOY EMIGRANTS.

BY NOAH BROOKS.

CHAPTER XXI.

AN EXPEDITION, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

WINTER came suddenly. Early in November, the boys, climbing the long hill near their camp, could see that the sharp peaks of the Sierra, to the eastward, were covered with snow. The lower hills, or foot-hills, where they lived, were brown and sere; and looking westward, the Sacramento Valley was golden yellow in the warm sunlight, and violet and purple, streaked with gray, as the cloudy days came on. There were one or two rainy days, during which the creek rose rapidly, and the young miners improved the opportunity to wash out a good deal of loose dirt from their claim. Then came a sharp frost. The hills between the camp and the high Sierra were white with snow, save where the tall pines stood in solemn rows up and down these billowy slopes.

One morning, Arthur, shivering with cold and gaping with a great show of sleepiness, sat up in his bunk, and, looking over to the window, which was only partly shielded by a bit of canvas, exclaimed: "Halloo, boys! it's snowing!"

They looked out and saw that the ground had disappeared beneath a soft, fleecy mantle. Woolly rolls of snow hung on the edges of the cradle by the creek. The pine-boughs bent under their moist burden, and the cow stood chewing her cud disconsolately under the shelter of a big hemlock-tree near the cabin.

Mont looked grave, and said: "I must start for Nye's Ranch this very day."

Now Nye's Ranch was at the junction of the Yuba and Feather rivers, fifty miles away. It was the nearest depot for supplies, though a trading-post had been opened at Inskip, twenty miles north-east from Crowbait Gulch. But the Inskip trader brought his goods from Nye's Ranch, and his prices were enormous. Besides this, a company of Mexicans at Greasertown had promised to pay three hundred dollars, in gold dust, for the ox and cow, the survivors of the teams of the young emigrants; and part of the bargain included the delivery of the cattle to the purchasers.

It had been agreed that Mont should go to Nye's Ranch, riding old Jim, and deliver the cattle at Greasertown on his way down. The Spanish cattle of the country were thought good enough to slaughter for fresh beef. These American cattle were too valuable to be killed. It was more eco-

nomical to sell them and buy the meat needed for winter supplies. Flour, bacon, beans, and dried apples were required from Nye's Ranch; and it was decided that no more time should be lost in getting them. Mont could drive the cattle down the creek, get the money and push on into the valley, buy the provisions, and pack them home on old Jim.

The snow disappeared when the sun came out that afternoon; and when Mont started on his journey, which was not until the next morning, the air was clear and bracing, and the sky was brilliant with sunlight. The boys saw him ride down the winding trail with real sorrow, for he drove before him their old friends, Molly and Star. These faithful creatures had been their sole reliance during the latter part of their journey; and though the cattle were no longer useful to them, now that they were camped for the winter, it was hard to part with them. If it had not been so hard, Mont would have begun his journey to Nye's Ranch much earlier. As it was, Arty and Johnny looked down the trail with tearful eyes, when Mont, turning in his saddle, shouted back: "Don't eat up all the gold while I am gone."

But even Mont was a little heavy at the heart when he finally left the cattle at Greasertown, and rode away with his gold dust stowed in a belt about his waist and under his flannel shirt. He had a long and solitary ride before him; he was loaded with what seemed to him a great deal of money, and, for the first time since leaving Council Bluffs, he was separated from his comrades.

The rocky trail soon left the creek and entered a wagon-track, which, though it now seemed like a novelty of civilization to Mont, who had been living in the woods, was not so broad a trail as that in which he had traveled across the continent. His spirits rose as old Jim loped gallantly on the trail, jingling the slender camp equipage tied on behind, as he went. The air was absolutely hushed, and the wintry sun rained down its needles of light into motionless clumps of pines and spruces grouped in the narrow valley. On either side, the hills rose up sharp and clear in outline against the blue sky, their rocky ridges dotted with a few lone trees along their lofty crowns. Occasionally, a hare darted across the trail and was lost in the tangled ferns, or a gray gopher, with tail on end, drifted along ahead, like a leaf blown by the wind, and suddenly disappeared. A magpie screamed and scolded from

the top of a madroña-tree, and a solitary crow, heavily flapping its way through the crystal atmosphere overhead, croaked and cawed, and then seemed to melt away into the hills of brown and green.

Just before Scotchman's Valley opens out into the valley of the Sacramento, the walls on either side rise up to a great height. On the south, the ridge is over two thousand feet high, and is very steep and rugged, except at a point near the base, where the sharp slope widens out into a shoulder, or bench. On this bench, about two hundred feet from the bottom, were perched two or three miners' cabins. Mont, when he reached this spot, looked at the cabins as he rode down the trail, and, wondering why the builders had chosen such a lofty spot for their homes, was tempted to climb the narrow trail and ask for lodging, for it was now late in the day. But, reflecting that few people in these parts were prepared to take in strangers, though all were hospitable, he went on through the narrow pass, entered a round, flat valley which dropped gently to the west, and, between the openings in the groves of live-oaks, he saw the Sacramento Valley, laced with streams; Sutter's Buttes, a noble group of mountains, in the midst; and far away, the sharp summits of the coast range, pink and white against the evening sky.

The young man made his lonely camp in a clump of dwarf pines, as night came on, and built his fire, toasted his bacon, made a pot of coffee, and, slicing off a cut from the loaf which Arthur had put up for him, he ate his frugal supper with loving thoughts of the boys at home. The New England home seemed too far away now to be so present in his thoughts as the rude hut on the brink of Chaparral Creek; and as Mont hugged himself in his warm blanket, to sleep beneath the frosty sky, Barney Crogan, Hi, and the boys, came and went in his dreams.

Following the course of the Feather and Yuba rivers, the streams of trade and travel, which had already begun to move in this new land, met on a flat and willow-grown angle where Nye's Ranch had been built. Here the Rio de los Plumas, or Feather River, received the Yuba River, and flowed on to join the Sacramento. Here, once a week, came a small steamboat from Sacramento, fifty or sixty miles to the southward; and here were two or three trading-posts, built of sycamore logs and roofed over with canvas.

Mont had struggled along a wet and muddy plain, intersected with a labyrinth of small sloughs and streams. He found the little settlement a rude and noisy place. The ground was cut up with the tracks of many wagons, and trampled into a sticky paste by the feet of innumerable mules,

whose braying filled the air. Miners, red-shirted and rough-bearded, were coming and going. The traders were excitedly rushing about, selling their goods and sweeping in the gold-dust. This precious stuff was weighed in scales, after being rudely fingered over on the board counter, to scan the grains separately; and Mont was amazed to see how carelessly the gold was handled. Apparently, there was no coin nor paper money, but everybody had a buckskin pouch or a canvas shot-bag, in which the golden dust was kept. Now and again, some man from "the Bay," as San Francisco was called, exhibited a huge rude coin, valued at fifty dollars, and popularly known as a "slug." This was stamped with the name of the firm who issued it, and it very readily passed for the amount it represented.

The little open plaza about which the settlement was flung, like a strange and tangled dream, was crowded with men, wagons, cattle and mules. A few miserable Indians, squatted around a big sycamore, looked on without manifesting the least interest in the scene; and a grizzly bear, caged in a canvas-covered inclosure, or corral, and exhibited for one dollar a sight, added to the confusion by uttering an occasional howl. A tent, with "Freeman's Express" painted on its roof, first attracted Mont's attention, and to that he straightway bent his steps. The boys had sent letters down to Sacramento by various ways, and Mont now deposited another lot, one of which, written to Farmer Stevens, in Richardson, Illinois, gave him the points of Bill Bunce's story about Johnny, and besought him to look up the case, if possible.

The tent was crowded with men inquiring for "letters from the States." There was no post-office here, but the accommodating expressmen, in consideration of a few dollars' worth of dust, would take a list of names, send it to San Francisco, and bring up the letters of people who made Nye's Ranch their trading-point. Miners far back among the hills sent to the ranch by their comrades or nearest neighbors, and, in course of time, their precious letters, sifting through many hands, sought them out and brought them tidings from home.

There were no letters for the boys at Crowbait. They had expected none, as their list of names had been sent to Sacramento. With a homesick and lonely feeling, Mont made his purchases as soon as possible, loaded them on old Jim, and made his way out of the muddy and disagreeable little settlement. The sky was dark and lowering, and the sharp white peaks of the Sierra were lost in a gray mist, as he laboriously picked his way across the plain and camped for the night with a hospitable herdsman on the edge of Butte Creek.

When he resumed his journey, next day, the air

was raw and chilly; a slate-colored cloud closed over the foot-hills, and a mild but exasperating drizzle pervaded the plain as he left it and began to ascend the undulations which here seem like a groundswell, and, higher up, break into the tumultuous waves of the Sierra.

Mont pushed on impatiently, riding when the trail was easy, and leading his loaded steed where the way was steep and rough. Both horse and man were in haste to get home. Mont grew feverish and apprehensive as he saw the snow beginning to fall heavily, while he was yet only on his second day from Nye's Ranch. And when he camped that night in the manzanita-bushes, it was with great difficulty that he could kindle a fire. But he found a partly screened spot, where the snow sifted lightly in, and he could camp in comparative comfort. Jim was relieved of his load, and tied in a clump of trees which sheltered him; and Mont slept as best he could, and this was not sleeping well. His feet were sore with the chafing of a rough pair of new boots, put on when he left the trading-post, and now soaked with melting snow.

Next day, after Jim had browsed among the bushes, and Mont had swallowed a little hot coffee, they struggled on together, though the horse was now obliged to wade in a deep mass of snow, and Mont desperately kept up by his side.

Passing laboriously through the round valley where he had made his first night's camp, Mont entered the rocky jaws of Scotchman's Valley. The day was well advanced, but the sky was dark with storm. Overhead, the air was thick as with a drifting whirl of snow. The black-green trees by the trail were half-hidden and loaded with the snow. All trace of the route had vanished from the ground, and only a few landmarks, which Mont's practiced eye had noted as he rode down the trail, served to show the way in which he should go. There was the high, steep southern wall of the cañon, and there were the cabins on the bench below the upper edge. Poor Mont noted in the blinding storm the blue smoke curling from the chimneys of the cabins, and he longed to be by the cheerful fireside which he pictured to himself was within. Like showers of feathers, moist and large, the flakes fell, and fell continually. Mont's feet were wet and sore and lame. Once and again, he paused in his struggles and eyed the dismal sight around him, half-wondering if he should ever get through. The hapless horse panted beneath his burden, groaning as his master dragged him on through the drifts. Once, Mont, with numb fingers, untied the thongs that bound part of the load; then, passionately crying aloud, "No! no! I can't lose these provisions!" he made them fast again and labored onward.

He was now well up the cañon. Just opposite him were the cabins, and, as he looked up at them, the air began to clear. The snow fell only in scattered flakes, and the clouds showed signs of breaking away. Before him, however, the way looked even more hopeless than when it had been concealed by the falling storm. Behind, a few ragged, fading tracks showed where man and horse had struggled on in the drift.

Suddenly, a low and far-off moan broke on the utter stillness of the air. Mont, scared and half-delirious with excitement and fatigue, looked up toward the southern wall of the defile. The mountain-top seemed to be unloosed and falling over into the valley. The whole side of the ridge appeared broken off, and as it glided swiftly down, Mont noted, with fascinated minuteness of observation, that a broad brown furrow showed behind it where the earth was laid bare. Down rushed the mighty avalanche. The whole defile seemed to shut up like the covers of a book. In a twinkling the three poor little cabins were wiped out as with a wet sponge. The pallid mass swept on with a roar, its huge arms flying up toward the skies. It was not so much a wall of snow as a resistless torrent, broad and deep. The young man stood still, his heart ceased to beat; yet he stood and gazed, unable to flee, as the avalanche thundered down from bench to bench, struck the bottom of the cañon, and spread out in a confused mass of whiteness. In an instant, horse and man vanished in a waste of snow. The narrow valley was filled, and only here and there, where an uprooted tree or a fragment of a wrecked cabin showed above the surface, was there anything to break the utter desolation.

CHAPTER XXII.

PRIVATION AND DELIVERANCE.

"I ALLOW this is dreffle disagreeable," said Hi. "Mont's been gone eight days; nothin' in the house to eat, and no neighbors within ten miles, so far's we know."

"And I'm powerful hungry," chimed in Tom, who never missed an opportunity to make a complaint.

"I would n't mind," said Arty, once more going to the door and looking down the snow-covered trail,—"I would n't mind, if we only knew Mont was safe somewhere."

Barney grumbled and said that it served them right for letting Mont go down into the valley alone. They were fools, he thought, for having staid so high up among the mountains during the winter. If they had gone out when Mont went to Nye's Ranch, and had staid out, they would never

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have seen any snow. There was no snow in the valley; and miners were "making money hand over fist" down on the American and Stanislaus rivers.

"Yes, yer hindsight is fust-rate, Crogan; but I would n't give much for your foresight," snarled Hi, who was chafing under this long and enforced idleness.

Barney, without a word, took his gun and went out in the snow to hunt rabbits. There was neither

looking for traces of their absent comrade. Greasertown was deserted. The six Mexicans who had lived there had packed up their light luggage and gone to parts unknown. On the rafters of their solitary cabin were laid two rude jig-saws, showing that the men intended to return. Drifts of snow were on the puncheon floor, and the wind sighed mournfully through the half-chinked walls of the log cabin. A lonely looking chipmunk gazed at the intruders, as he sat upright in the window-sill;



THE AVALANCHE.

flour nor meat in the cabin; but there was a plenty of coffee, some sugar, and a few beans. There was no immediate danger of starvation. Even at the worst, a few rabbits and squirrels could be snared or shot in the underbrush; and Arty had found that by crushing the dry berries of the manzanita, which still hung on the bushes, a very palatable sort of flour could be made. Barnard announced his intention of starving before he would eat such a mess, though Arthur argued that the Indians ate it and grew fat on it.

"But I'm not a Digger," was his brother's conclusive answer. "I'll starve first."

Matters looked even worse and more gloomy, four days after, when there was still no sign of Mont. Three of the boys, Hi, Barnard and Arthur, went down the trail as far as Greasertown, anxiously

then he uttered a little exclamation of disgust and disappeared.

"Yer might have shot him," muttered Hi, as he took up a junk bottle which had been used for a candlestick, and thoughtfully put his nose to its mouth.

"What does it smell of?" asked Barnard, with some sharpness.

"Don't know," replied Hi. "I was a-thinkin' that I might eat this 'ere taller droppings, if the mice had n't been before me."

Barney laughed, in spite of himself.

"Why, Hi, we are not so badly off as all that comes to yet. We need n't eat candles, like the Esquimaux. We can live on rabbits, you know."

"There's no fat on rabbits, and I must say I'm just a-pinin' for somethin' fat," rejoined poor Hi.

They had not even candles in their own cabin; but as they sat that night around the cheerful blaze of their fire, Hi acknowledged that it was far better to have fat pine-knots to burn than fat candles to eat.

After all, the great burden on their spirits was Mont's mysterious absence. If they could only be sure that he was safe and well, they would be happy. At least, that was what Barnard and Arthur said, over and over again.

"How much money did Mont have, all told?" demanded Hi.

"Let's see," said Arty, reckoning on his fingers; "there was the three hundred he got for the cattle, one hundred you gave him to send home for you, two hundred Barney and I sent off by him, and two hundred of his own for his mother. Why, that's eight hundred dollars altogether!"

"Eight hundred dollars' wuth of dust, and a hoss wuth nigh onto two hundred more, if he is old Crowbait. That's a good haul."

"What do you mean, Hi?" demanded Barney, starting up with an angry face.

"What do I mean?" replied the other, doggedly. "I mean that it's a good haul for a feller to get away with. That's what I mean."

"Do you mean to insinuate that Mont has gone off with our property, you confounded sneak?"—and Barney advanced toward Hi with sparkling eyes.

"I don't mean to insinuate nothin' agin nobody, Barney Crogan. So keep yer temper. Ye'll need it bumbye to keep from starvin'. If a highway-robber has corraled Mont with his dust, *that* would be a good haul for somebody, would n't it?"

"But there are no highway-robbers about these parts. We have never heard of anything being stolen anywhere, and people leave their stuff lying around loose everywhere."

Nevertheless, as Barney said this, he sat down with a sore feeling in his heart. After all, they did not know much about Mont. The old joke about his "store clothes" was still a tender subject in the camp, and Hi's unworthy suspicions found a lodgment in Barney's mind, though his eyes filled with angry tears when he tried to think better of his old comrade. He struggled weakly against the bad thoughts that rose in his mind. Then he reflected that the spare and unnatural diet to which they had been confined lately had reduced the moral tone of the camp. The young fellow rose and looked vacantly out of the little loophole in their canvas-covered window. The prospect without was not cheerful. The river was frozen over; the ground was white, and the sky was gray.

"Oh, well," said Arty, cheerily, "Mont is sure to come back. He's snow-bound somewhere, I'm

sure. Perhaps old Jim gave out, and he had to lie by somewhere until he got better."

"Perhaps," said Hi, with a marked emphasis.

"And then," went on the boy, without noticing Hi's interruption, "we are bound to get through this somehow. As Mont used to say, I feel it in my bones."

"Yes," said Tom, with scorn; "more bones than meat."

"Shut yer mouth, you Tom!" broke in his brother, angrily.

"Besides," added Arty, "mother used to say,"—and the boy's voice quavered a little,— "that the Lord will provide."

"I don't know," said Barney, gloomily, from the window. "It seems as if the Lord had gone off."

Arthur gave his brother a scared look, and remonstrated, with tearful eyes. "Oh, don't, Barney!"

That night, for almost the fiftieth time since Mont had been gone, Hi lifted the puncheons of the floor in one corner of the cabin, scraped away the soil, and dragged out the can of gold dust which formed the common stock. He smoothed it over, lovingly, in his hands, and let it drop back into the can with a sharp rattle.

"It's a heap of money," he said, with a sigh.

"'T would buy a farm in Illinoy."

"But it wont buy a pound of side-meat in Crowbait Gulch," said Barney, with some ill-humor.

"Nary time," replied Hiram. "What's the use of gold if yer can't buy nothin' with it? Yer can't eat it, can't drink it, can't wear it,"—and, as if trying the experiment, he took up a bright lump and bit it. "Blame the contemptible yaller stuff!" said Hi, with a sudden burst of rage. "What's the good of it now?"—and he shied it into the fire.

The golden nugget struck the back of the fireplace and dropped into the blaze, as if astonished at its rude treatment.

Arty, with much concern, attempted to pull it out, but Barnard said:

"Let it be; you can poke it out to-morrow, when Hi and the ashes have both cooled off."

Johnny, from his bunk, had looked on this curious scene with much amazement. He did not exactly understand why Hi, who usually was the greediest for gold, should now throw a piece into the fire. Then, why did he bite at it? He might have known that gold was not good to eat, and he had no business to throw it away like that when he found that he could not bite it. Then the lad remembered Mont's last words, "Don't eat up all the gold while I am gone!" It was very strange. So, thinking of Mont, and wondering if he would ever come back again, Johnny turned his face against the rough wall of the cabin and softly cried himself to sleep.

Next day, the sun rose so bright and clear that the little valley was deluged with an intense brightness almost painful to the eyes. Barnard awoke, and sitting up in his bunk, half-wondered what it was that had so troubled him when he went to sleep. Then he suddenly remembered the privations and dangers of their situation; and he took up his burden of anxiety with a dull feeling of pain.

Arthur was already punching up the embers, and, with a little laugh, he poked out the lump of gold which Hi had tossed there the night before. "Ouch!" he exclaimed, as he dropped it on the floor, "it's hot as blazes!"

"Hard to get and hard to hold," remarked Barnard, soberly.

As the young miners gathered about their scanty breakfast, Johnny reminded them of Mont's last word about eating the gold.

"That was Mont's joke," said Barney; "but he little thought how near we should come to having nothing but that stuff to eat."

Just then there was a sound outside, as of tramping in the snow.

"What's that?" cried Hi.

"Grizzlies!" shrieked Tom; and everybody rushed to the door.

It was like a message from an outer and far-off world, in that solitary wilderness. As they flung wide open the door, there was Mont, limping along with a sack of flour on his back, and behind him was Messer with other provisions. Mont looked pale and worn, but he cried out, cheerily:

"Halloo! Crowbait!"

His comrades looked about him to relieve him of his load, shake his hands, and ask all manner of questions. All but Hi, who, with a great gulp, sat down on a bench and broke into tears. The other boys, though with moistened eyes and tender hearts, in this hour of their deliverance, looked upon the tearful Hi with real amazement.

"What's the matter, Hi?" asked Mont, kindly putting his arm on Hi's shoulder.

"I did n't allow I was so powerful weak," blubbered the poor fellow. "I must have been hungry, and, besides, I'm so glad you've got back, you can't think."

Barnard's face clouded for a moment, as he remembered Hiram's suspicions. But Hi added:

"And I thought hard of you, too. Don't lay it up agin me!"

"Oh, no," said Mont. "So long as you are all alive, I am thankful and happy. 'Here we are again, Mr. Merryman,' as the circus man says," and the young fellow gayly slapped Arty's back.

But Mont was not in very good case, and when he told his story, they marveled much that he was alive. The avalanche in Scotchman's Valley had

swept down the miners' cabins, but, fortunately, the only man in either of them had heard the hum of the slide as it came. Running out, he dashed into a tunnel in the rear of the cabin, where his comrades were at work, just in time to escape the flying mass which swept down the hillside and into the gulch below. Their cabins were gone, but the miners were alive, and thankfully they set themselves to recovering whatever was left of the wreck.

A dark spot on the surface of the snow attracted their attention. It was a horse's head.

"Thar must be a man whar thar's a hoss, you bet," was the sage remark of one of them. So, leaving their own affairs, the men went down and worked manfully until they had dug out old Jim, for it was he—dead in the snow. Anxiously, the good fellows plied their shovels until Mont, insensible and nearly suffocated, was dragged out to the light. He was carried up to the tunnel, where a fire, chafing, and some hot coffee, recalled him to consciousness. But his mind wandered, and he could give no satisfactory account of himself.

"Must be one of them Boston fellers up to Crowbait, just this side of Forty Thieves," muttered one of the party. "He looks too high-toned for one of the Forty Thieves folks. Besides, they all left a fortnight ago; but what's he a-doin' down here?" And the puzzled miner scratched his head.

Mont could only say, "Don't eat all the gold up!"

Out of the wreck of their cabins the miners soon reconstructed a comfortable shelter. Mont's provisions were nearly all found and laid by for him; and his rescuers made him, and themselves, as comfortable as possible under the circumstances.

When the young man, after a day or two, was able to sit up and tell who he was and where he came from, he found himself so weak and lame that he could not travel. He moaned over this, for he was filled with alarm for his comrades, waiting at home for food. More than a week was already gone, and his feet were yet so sore that it was impossible for him to move. He *must* go, if he had to crawl. The boys would starve.

His new friends tried to persuade him that his "pardners" would be able to get along on wild game, and that it was more necessary for him to get well than for him to take food to them. Mont fretted, and continually fixed his gaze on the narrow cañon entrance through which he must struggle on to Crowbait.

One day, while thus looking wistfully out over the gulch, he saw the well-known slouchy figure of Messer crossing on the snow, now fast melting away. Messer was loaded with pick, pan, and "grub." He had left his wife at Frenchman's Misery, down the valley, and had come up to join

an old acquaintance in the hill diggings, where Mont was now confined against his will.

It was a fortunate meeting. Honest Messer said: "You uns was kind to we uns on the plains. I'll pack ye up to Chaparral, if that'll do you any good."

Mont protested that he could walk; but he should be glad for some assistance with his load. Messer expressed a willingness to carry Mont and all the goods and provisions which poor old Jim had so far brought. So, after one more day's rest, the two men set out with as much of the stuff as they could carry. The trail was difficult, but they managed to reach Greasertown at the end of their first day. Here they camped in the deserted cabin, and next day, bright and early in the morning, they pushed on to Crowbait. Mont had hoped to surprise the boys. But when he drew near, and none came to meet him, his heart sank. There was no sign of life when he came in sight of the cabin. The sun was up, but no smoke issued from the rude chimney.

"Have they become discouraged and gone away?" he asked himself, with growing alarm. Then a pale blue wreath of smoke curled up from the chimney. "That's Arty! God bless the boy!" murmured Mont to himself.

Now he heard voices within, and the door opened. He was at home at last. All was well.

"It was a tight squeak you uns had of it," remarked Messer, solemnly.

Barney, standing behind Arthur, affectionately put his hands on the lad's shoulders and said:

"But this little chap reminded us that the Lord would provide."

CHAPTER XXIII.

LUCK IN STREAKS.

MONT did not readily recover from his sickness. During the remainder of that winter, which yet had many privations in store for them, he was infirm in health. The boys had anxious hours and days. There was no physician in the region; their own slender stock of medicines was not of much avail in a case of serious sickness like this; and more than once the tender-hearted Barney, who could no longer endure the sight of his comrade suffering without remedy, went hastily out among the snow-covered hills, and in the death-like waste of the forest, tried to find relief for his pent-up and sorrowful feelings.

It was not until the snow had melted, the wild geese had begun to clamor in the sky, and the ripple of the creek along its pebbly bars was heard once more, that Mont fairly recovered. The log cabin was continually damp, and as little sunshine could pour into it through the winter, it was not a good place for a sick man. But when the doors

and windows were thrown open wide, and the warmth of the early California spring flooded the little house with sunlight, the invalid recovered rapidly, and the shadow of a great trouble passed away from the household.

With the re-opening of the trails came new and old acquaintances. Almost before the snow had melted from the mountains above them, prospectors came hunting through the hills for gold. Many of these were newly arrived in the country, and they had already begun to think that the gold of the lower valleys was "played out," and that the precious stuff must be sought higher up in the Sierra. Nevertheless, all of these had gold dust with them, which they handled as carelessly as if it had been common dirt. Each man carried a little pair of scales about him, with which he weighed the ore when he bought or sold anything; for, as yet, there was no coin and no other currency than this.

With the spring, too, came news from home. Some of their neighbors at Forty Thieves brought up a package of priceless letters from Sacramento for the boys. Barnard and Arthur did not think any price too great to pay for a fat envelope from Sugar Grove; for that packet contained a wonderful letter of many pages, in which father, mother, sister, and each one of the brothers, had written something. It was a marvelous production, written during the early winter evenings, and the two boys read it over and over again with almost tearful delight. It seemed strange, in those distant solitudes, to read of the white calf which had been born to Daisy, and of the marvelous crop of bell-flower apples last year. Barnard put down the closely written pages which told him how the wheat crop had turned out in the ten-acre lot, how the pigs had been sold to Jim Van Orman, and how Jedediah Page was married to Dolly Oliver, and Father Dixon had been presented with a gold-headed cane by the citizens of the town. As the boy looked away from these simple annals of his far-off home, into the trackless forest which clothed the flanks of the Sierra Nevada, he seemed as one in a dream. He was obliged to look about him to be sure that he was in California and not in Illinois. The picture of the old homestead at Sugar Grove, the red barn, the well-sweep, the family about the big kitchen-table, and the neighbors dropping in to chat, now seemed something that existed in some other world than this.

Hi and Tom also had their budget of home news, which was none the less welcome, probably, because the handwriting was rugged, and because, as Hi expressed it, the dingy letter-paper "smelt confoundedly of terbacker-smoke." Old man Fender and his wife dearly loved a pipe when any serious business, like that of letter-writing, was in hand.

Mont went away by himself to read his long letters from Cambridgeport. He had two sets of these—one in the stately, erect handwriting of his mother, and the other crowded full of fine hair-lines, expressing, doubtless, very comfortable sentiments, for the boys observed that Mont improved in spirits whenever he read these,—and, as this was often, the young man was always light-hearted, as of old.

"I would n't mind giving you a bit of one of our letters, Johnny," said Arty, genially, as he saw that the friendless little lad looked on the happy circle of readers with a troubled face, "only I suppose it would n't do you any good. You might 'play' that it was from your sister."

"I don't mind it a bit," said Johnny, stoutly; "but it is sort of hard-like, that I've got nobody to write to me. Nobody, nobody!"—and the lad's eyes filled with tears, in spite of himself.

Nevertheless, there was news about Johnny. Farmer Stevens had made inquiries and had found that one Doctor Jenness, known as a veterinary surgeon, otherwise "horse-doctor," lived at Lick Springs, Vermillion County; and that his sister, name unknown, had married some years ago, and had subsequently died in Ogle County, leaving a little son and some property. So much was already discovered by way of a beginning, and the good man was sure he should be able to trace the rest, by and by. Johnny heard the story without much interest. Arty was excited to know that his father was on the track of Johnny's parentage. It had been a great mystery to him. He was sure some great thing might happen yet. But the boy himself was satisfied with his present condition, and was at home with his new friends. Beyond these he had no concern whatever.

As soon as the frost was out of the ground, the boys went to work again with a hearty good will. They had put their mining tools in order during the winter leisure, and their very first ventures into the claim were richly repaid. They had worked well up toward the upper end of the gulch, skinning off the top soil and digging up the pay dirt next to the bed-rock. One day, Mont, who was manfully tugging away with his returning strength, fairly shouted with delight, as his shovel turned up a broken mass of gold, shining in one magical cluster. The boys came running, and Hi, stooping down, with hooked fingers eagerly clawed out the loose earth. There, in a narrow crevice in the bed-rock, like eggs in a basket, were thirteen lumps of bright, yellow, solid gold, some as large as butternuts, some smaller, and some about as large as marbles. They were all irregular in shape, but all were smoothly rounded as if they had been rolled and rolled for ages in the bed of a swiftly moving

stream. The earth was packed about them, and even in this soft bed appeared shining particles, which would have excited their expectations if they had not now the great luck in their grasp.

"I allow there must be at least fifty thousand dollars in that there hole!" said Hi, feverishly, as he fingered the glorious "chispas."

"Oh, Hi, you're crazy!" broke in Barney. "There is n't more than ten thousand in the whole lot, if there is so much. Gold dust is mighty deceiving, you know."

"Well, let's go for the nest," said Tom, valiantly brandishing the pick. "May be we'll strike another like it deeper down."

But this was a vain hope. The dirt was carefully scraped out of the little hole where the gold had been found. When washed, it paid well, though not in big lumps. The boys dug all around the lucky spot without finding any more rich deposits. Hi left his rocker by the creek, in order to be on hand when the next "big strike" was made; and he grew fretful as days went by and only fair wages were returned for their labors.

Their mine had yielded, since spring had opened, ten thousand dollars, of which about one-half had been found in what Johnny called "the lucky hole." So, with the letters home went a package of gold dust. Mining operations had thickened so among the mountains that Freeman's Express Company had pushed its agencies far up into the Sierra. Mounted messengers collected and delivered letters and small parcels, and no sight in all the year was so welcome to these exiles in the mountains of California as the lithe horseman, with his saddlebags strapped behind him and his pistols at his belt, rode over the divide and plunged into the gulches where men were delving in the mines.

Now they had money on the way home—"money in the bank," as Hi put it—and they returned to their work with new energy. They ran narrow trenches up into the slopes on either side of their claim. They sunk holes in the edges of the bank, the central portion of the triangular gulch having been carefully worked over. One day, when they weighed up their gains for that day's labor, they found just ten dollars. Hi frowned and said that "the youngsters" were 'getting lazy. Tom, as a representative youngster, resented this remark, and murmured something about punching Hi's head. Mont interfered in behalf of peace, and cheerily reminded them that there had been a time when ten dollars was a good show for a day's work.

"But that was when we were prospecting," said Barney, ruefully looking at the meager yield of gold. "Now we are supposed to be in a paying claim. Ten dollars a day is just two dollars apiece."

The next day's harvest was twenty-two dollars. The next was worse yet—only five dollars. But on the third day they washed out eighty-five cents!

An expert from Swell-Head Gulch was called in to view the premises. He walked over the ground, asked a few questions, and, when the lucky find was described, said, with great contempt:

"That war only a pocket."

Then he scooped up some of the earth next the outer edge of the bed-rock last laid bare, poked it about in the palm of his rough hand, with a knowing air, and said:

"Boys, your claim is played out."

(To be continued.)

THE FAIRY'S WONDER-BOX.

BY LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

GOD has given to the people of this world a wonderful garden, full of all sorts of beautiful things. Everybody wanders in this garden sometimes; but some people go there oftener than others, and see a much greater variety of wonderful things. It is called the Garden of Imagination, because it is full of a great variety of images. They are not like images made of marble or china or wax, for they float about, and keep changing. Indeed, they come and go so fast, that it is often hard to tell what they look like, before they are gone. But some little girls talk about the things they see in this garden, and then other little girls say they make up charming stories.

This wonder-garden swarms with fairies. Indeed, it is the place where all the fairies in the world come from. One of them is very busy picking up little bits of colored glass and glittering metal, and placing them in all manner of beautiful patterns. It is perfectly wonderful how many elegant figures she will make out of a few broken bits of things, that seem good for nothing till she touches them with her fairy fingers.

One day a little girl, who was called Mattie Mischief, tried to reach a flower on the mantel-piece, and she knocked down a splendid vase of Bohemian glass, all ruby-colored and gold. When her mother saw the precious vase broken into fragments, she told Mattie she must go to her own room and stay till supper-time, because she had been a naughty little girl. She was so mischievous

So saying, he stalked away, without giving the matter a second thought.

In an instant almost their castles in the air had tumbled. Barnard sat down on the ground in a most depressed condition of mind, saying:

"Just our luck!"

Hi growled: "And we've been and gone and sent all our money home."

Arty turned to Mont, and asked with his eyes:

"Well?"

And Mont said: "There's only one thing to do, boys. As Bush would say, we may as well 'get up and dust.'"

that she was often sent to her room, and when she was there she tried to amuse herself by wandering about in the Garden of Imagination; and there was no end to the stories she used to tell about the things she saw there.

So when she had done crying about the broken vase, she went off to this garden again to seek for company. And there she saw a fairy dancing and capering round some small pieces of the red and gold glass, which she had picked out of the dusting-pan. You never saw anything so beautiful as that little fairy. No butterfly or dragon-fly was ever half so handsome. All manner of bright, changeable colors shimmered over her transparent wings and her little gauze skirt, so that she looked as if she had been dipped in a rainbow. In her hair she wore a little blue forget-me-not, which contrasted prettily with her golden curls, as they went flying round, glancing in the sunshine, as she danced.

"Why, you charming little creature!" exclaimed Mattie. "What is your name? What are you going to do with those little bits of glass? They are good for nothing."

"My name is Prisma," replied the fairy. "I am going to put these pieces into my wonder-box. I can make something out of nothing; I can. You'll see! you'll see!" and away she flew.

Mattie told her mother about it afterward; and her mother said, "I think you have been sleeping, my child, and have had a dream."

"I wish I could dream about that little Prisma again," replied Mattie. "She was so pretty and so graceful!"

She thought so much about her, that she soon wandered away into the Garden of Imagination again; and there she saw Prisma seated on a dandelion blossom, with her little feet crossed, to rest herself. A purple morning-glory, with a piece of the stem attached to it for a handle, made a beautiful large umbrella for her; for in that garden flowers do not wilt after they are gathered, as they do in common gardens. But the busy little creature did not stop long to rest. She saw a bit of shining mica among the gravel, and she jumped down from her flowery perch to pick it up.

"What are you going to do with that?" asked Mattie.

"I am going to put it into my wonder-box," said Prisma. "Look under this mullein, and see what a heap of treasures I have found."

Mattie raised a leaf, and saw under it some broken beads and broken glass-buttons, of all sorts of bright colors, mixed with links of chains, some of gold, some of silver, and some of polished steel.

"You foolish little thing! What do you pick up such rubbish for?" said Mattie, and she gave the little heap a push with her foot.

Prisma was so vexed, that her face flushed as red as a damask-rose leaf. "Rubbish!" she exclaimed.

"If you were to look at it in my wonder-box, you would n't call it rubbish, I can tell you!"

She spread out her gauzy wings, with a little clicking noise, and flew away.

Mattie was sorry she had offended Prisma, for she was afraid she should never see her again, and she wanted to ask if she might see her wonder-box.

A few weeks after, when Mattie was walking out, she met one of her young friends named Louisa.

"I am glad I met you," said Louisa. "I want you to come with me to look at a beautiful new plaything I have had given me."

So they went home together, and Louisa brought a long box, with a peeping-hole at one end of it, and asked her friend to look into it.

Mattie shouted, "Oh, how beautiful it is! I never saw anything so splendid."

Louisa turned a little wheel in the end of the box, and as she turned, pearls and emeralds and rubies and diamonds rolled about, forming an endless variety of stars, crosses, and circles, and elegant flowery patterns, all gorgeous with bright colors.

Mattie did not know how to express her delight. Every new pattern that came seemed handsomer than the others, and she shouted "Oh! oh!" continually. "I wish I could take them all out and string them," said she. "Would n't they make a splendid necklace? Where did you get it? and what do you call it?"

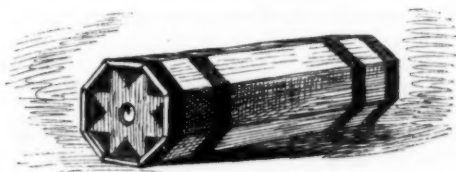
Louisa replied, "My aunt gave it to me. She said the name of it in Greek was kaleidoscope, and that it meant in English a beautiful sight."

"I think it is a whole lot of beautiful sights," exclaimed Mattie. "Where do they all come from? What makes them come?"

All at once, they heard a whirring noise, as if a humming-bird was in the room, and Prisma lighted on the top of the kaleidoscope.

"Where do they come from?" she repeated. "They come from under the mullein-leaf. What makes them come? I make them come. I told you I could make something out of nothing. You may call it by a Greek name if you like, but it is my wonder-box. You said they were rubbish, and now you think they are pearls and emeralds and rubies, and want to wear them for a necklace. But you must be careful to keep them in my wonder-box, for if you take them out they will all look like rubbish again. That is the way with fairy things."

Again she spread her gauzy wings with a clicking sound, gave Mattie's ear a little tap as she passed, and flew away.





THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.

—
BY ABBY MORTON DIAZ.
—

OH, Jack was the fellow who lived long ago,
And built him a house, as you very well
know,
With chimneys so tall, and a cupola too,
And windows set thick where the light could
go through.

And this is the house that Jack built.

Now Jack he was so tender-hearted and true,
He loved every dear little childling that grew.
"The old folk can do very well without me,
And I'll be the friend of the children," quoth
he.

So away in his store-room he stored up a
heap
Of corn-bags well filled, full seven yards
deep!
While ranged very near them, in beautiful
show,
Were a great many corn-poppers, set in a
row!

And this is the corn that lay in the
house that Jack built.

And a blazing red fire was ever kept glowing,
By a great pair of bellows that ever kept blowing;
And there stood the children, the dear little souls,
A-shaking their corn-poppers over the coals.

Soon a motherly rat, seeking food for her young,
Came prying and peeping the corn-bags among.
"I'll take home a supply," said this kindest of mothers;
"My children like corn quite as well as those others."

And this is the rat, &c.

Just as Puss shuts her eyelids, oh! what does she hear?

"Bow-wow!" and "Bow-wow!" very close at her ear.

Now away up a pole all trembling she springs,
And there, on its top, all trembling she clings.
And this is the dog, &c.

Said Bose to himself, "What a great dog am I!
When my voice is heard, who dares to come nigh?"

Now I'll worry that cow. Ha, ha, ha! Oh, if she
Should run up a pole, how funny 't would be!"



"A-SHAKING THEIR CORN-POPPERS OVER THE COALS."

Run quick, Mother Rat! Oh, if you but knew
How slyly old Tabby is watching for you!
She's creeping so softly—pray, pray do not wait!
She springs!—she has grabbed you!—ah, now
't is too late!

And this is the cat, &c.

Too late, yes too late! All your struggles are
vain;
You never will see those dear children again!
All sadly they sit in their desolate home,
Looking out for the mother that never will come.

When Pussy had finished, she said, with a smile,
"I think I will walk in the garden awhile,
And there take a nap in some sunshiny spot."
Bose laughed to himself as he said, "I think not!"

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Poor Bose! you will wish that you'd never been
born

When you bark at that cow with the crumpled
horn.

'Way you go, with a toss, high up in the air!
Do you like it, old Bose? Is it pleasant up there?
And this is the cow, &c.

Now when this old Molly, so famous in story,
Left Bose on the ground, all bereft of his glory,
She walked to the valley as fast as she could,
Where a dear little maid with a milking-pail
stood.

And this is the maiden, &c.

Alas! a maiden all forlorn was she,
Woful and sad, and piteous to see!

With weary step she walked, and many a sigh;
Her cheek was pale, a tear bedimmed her eye.
She sat her down, with melancholy air,



THE CAT THAT CAUGHT THE RAT.

Among the flowers that bloomed so sweetly
there;
And thus, with clasped hands, she made her
moan.
"Ah me!" she said. "Ah me! I'm all alone!
In all the world are none who care for me;
In all the world are none I care to see.
No one to me a kindly message brings;



THE COW WITH THE CRUMPLED HORN.

Nobody gives me any pretty things.
Nobody asks me am I sick, or well.
Nobody listens when I've aught to tell.

Kind words of love I've never, never known.
Ah me!" she said, "'t is sad to be alone!"
Now up jumps the man all tattered and torn,
And he says to the maiden, "Don't sit there,
forlorn.

Behind this wild rose-bush I've heard all you
said,
And I'll love and protect you, you dear little
maid!

For oft have I hid there, so bashful and shy,
And peeped through the roses to see you go
by;

I know every look of those features so fair,
I know every curl of your bright golden hair.
My garments are in bad condition, no doubt;
But the love that I give you shall never wear
out.

Now I'll be the husband if you'll be the wife,
And together we'll live without trouble or strife."
And this is the man, &c.



THE DOG THAT WAS TOSSED.

Thought the maid to herself, "Oh, what beautiful words!

Sweeter than music or singing of birds!
How pleasant 't will be thus to live all my life
With this kind little man, without trouble or
strife!

If his clothes are all tattered and torn, why 't is
plain

What he needs is a wife that can mend them
again.

And he brought them to such sorry plight, it
may be,

'Mong the thorns of the roses, while watching
for me!"

And when this wise maiden looked up in his
face,

She saw there a look full of sweetness and grace.
'T was a truth-telling face. "Yes, I'll trust you,"
said she.



THE MAIDEN ALL FORLORN.

"Ah, a kiss I must take, if you trust me!" quoth he;

"And since we're so happily both of a mind,
We'll set off together the priest for to find."

Now hand in hand along they pass,
Tripping it lightly over the grass,
By pleasant ways, through fields of flowers;
By shady lanes, through greenwood bowers.
The bright little leaves they dance in the breeze,
And the birds sing merrily up in the trees!
The maiden smiles as they onward go—
Forgotten now her longing and woe;
And the good little man he does care for her
so!

He cheers the way with his pleasant talk,
Finds the softest paths where her feet may walk,
Stays her to rest in the sheltered nook,
Guides her carefully over the brook,
Lifts her tenderly over the stile,
Speaking so cheerily all the while;

And plucks the prettiest wild flowers there,
To deck the curls of her golden hair.
Says the joyful maid, "Not a flower that grows
Is so fair for me as the sweet *wild rose*!"

Thus journeying on, by greenwood and dell,
They came, at last, where the priest did dwell,—
A jolly fat priest, as I have heard tell:
A jolly fat priest, all shaven and shorn,
With a long black cassock so jauntily worn.
And this is the priest, &c.

"Good morrow, Sir Priest! will you marry us
two?"

"That I will," said the priest, "if ye're both lov-
ers true!

But when, little man, shall your wedding-day
be?"

"To-morrow, good priest, if you can agree,
At the sweet hour of sunrise, when the new
day

Is rosy and fresh in its morning array,



THE MAN ALL TATTERED AND TORN.

When flowers are awaking, and birds full of glee,
At the top of the morning our wedding shall be!
And since friends we have none, for this wedding
of ours

No guests shall there be, save the birds and the
flowers;

Next morning, while sleeping his sweetest sleep,
The priest was aroused from his slumbers deep
By the clarion voice of chanticleer,
Sudden and shrill, from the apple-tree near.

"Wake up! wake up!" it seemed to say;

"Wake up! wake up! there's a wedding to-day!"



"GOOD-MORROW, SIR PRIEST! WILL YOU MARRY US TWO?"

And we'll stand out among them, in sight of
them all,
Where the pink and white blooms of the apple-
tree fall."

"Od zooks!" cried the priest, "what a wedding
we'll see

To-morrow, at sun-rising, under the tree!"

And this was the cock that crowed in the morn,
That waked the priest all shaven and shorn,
That married the man all tattered and torn,
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,
That milked the cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog, that worried the cat, that
caught the rat, that ate the corn that lay in
the house that Jack built.

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AUNT KITTY'S LITTLE SPINNERS.

BY AMANDA B. HARRIS.

It was a long time ago that Dick and I planted the turnip-seed which came up silk-worms. We were staying at grandfather's, because mother was sick and we were in the way at home.

He had just been making his garden, and he gave us a spot in one corner of it, and told us we might have all the seeds that were left and sow them. So we took the paper bags and planted cucumbers, corn, cabbages, squashes, and everything together—enough, I suppose, for an acre. And still we had a little room left; so we went after more seeds, and found, on a shelf in the kitchen, two or three sheets of paper all covered with small slate-colored ones. Dick ran and asked Aunt Kitty if we might have "that turnip-seed."

"Yes, yes! Any of the seed! Run away now. Don't trouble me!"

And away we went. But they stuck to the paper, and as we were in a hurry to get done planting, and go fishing, we laid the sheets on the top of the ground and sprinkled a little soil over them, for we had heard grandfather say that small seeds must not be covered deep.

We were gone till about dark; and when we came home there were lights moving about the kitchen—a great search seemed to be going on. Grandpa and Aunt Kitty, and Kezia, the girl, had each a candle, and were hunting in corners and under chairs. When we opened the door, Aunt Kitty said: "Perhaps the children can tell."

"Children!" cried grandpa, severely, "have you been meddling with the silk-worms' eggs!"

Dick answered, "No!" and stood to it stoutly. But a thought came into my head, and I asked, "Were they on some papers on the shelf, grandpa? And were they stuck on? And did they look like seeds? Oh! oh! we planted them in our garden."

"What!" shouted he. "Those eggs, that I took so much pains to get! *Planted* them? Are Sarah's children idiots?"

We were frightened almost out of our senses, but we flew to our patch, and took up the papers carefully, and carried them to Aunt Kitty. And lo! our seeds had turned into hundreds of tiny black worms! The sun's heat had hatched them. The wind had blown off the grains of earth we had put on, and there they were, alive and well.

We were sent to bed in disgrace; but next morning Aunt Kitty was so good as to explain all about them. She said everybody was going into

the business of raising silk-worms, hoping to make their own silk. Grandpa had set out the mulberry trees the year before, and bought the eggs, which had been preserved all winter in a box in the cellar, where it was warm enough to keep them from freezing,—for that would spoil them,—but not warm enough to make them hatch. The right time was about the last of May, when the mulberry trees had leaved out. The worms lived on those leaves. Not out of doors, though, in this country; but the leaves must be picked and brought into the house; and the worms must be fed three or four times a day for a month or more, when they would leave off eating and spin their cocoons.

At this point we both cried, "Oh! Aunt Kitty, can't we? may n't we? Oh, may we feed them?"

Now, Aunt Kitty liked us; and she said she was sure we should do right, if we only knew.

Even grandpa, when he found the worms all right, said we were not to blame, and were *not* "idiots," but pretty good children, after all.

So it came about that we helped tend silk-worms; and in those next few weeks we saw all that anybody did about their doings.

Grandpa made some long tables in the upper hall; and over one-half we spread newspapers and put the worms on. They were not bigger than the smallest ants. After that, everything went on like clock-work; and how fast they did grow! Dick and I picked the leaves—the tenderest ones at first. If it looked like rain, we brought in an extra quantity, and put them in the cellar, so that they might not wilt, because then the worms would not like them.

They must be kept clean, too. So every morning we spread fresh papers on the uncovered half of the table, and then sprinkled the mulberry-leaves over them; and no sooner had we done this, than all the worms would start from the soiled papers as fast as they could go, after their breakfast; and soon they would be on their leaves; and then we gathered up all the litter, and carried it off, and we never lost a worm.

They became real pets to us, and seemed to know us. They were very tame; and had some queer ways. The most curious thing was their changing their skins; they did this four times, growing dull and sleepy and half-sick for a little while, till they had worked their way out of their old skins, when they would appear as good as new,

and begin eating with all their might. They started *black*; but after the fourth shedding of their skins, came out a pale yellow. And now they became more and more interesting. We used to bring in twigs of mulberry, and watch them go

the bush; and before long we found that he had fastened some fuzzy, shining stuff, like the finest fibers of split sewing-silk, all around him.

This, Aunt Kitty said, was *floss*; and all silkworms made it in their own countries (where they lived on trees), to keep out the rain; and those which were cared for in houses were not wise enough, with all their wisdom, to see that *they* did not need to do so.

After this was fixed, he would begin on his cocoon; and if nothing hindered him, he would never stop until it was done; and never break the thread—carrying the same one back and forth, up and down, hour after hour, for three or four days; and when it was all spun out of his little body, there would perhaps be a thousand feet of it of *double* thread, for he always has two strands to it, finer than the finest hair.

He began on the outside; so for a few hours we could watch him; and it did not trouble him in the least. At first, he was altogether in sight; but pretty soon there was

a screen, like yellow gauze, through which we could see his head moving with as much regularity as machinery; and by and by the web grew so thick that we could not make him out at all.

The outermost was the "*floss*;" next came the "*fine silk*," and inside of all was a lining of what was called "*glued silk*," as hard and firm as a skin, which finished his tight little chamber, the most beautiful and perfect that could be. After it was all done, and he had spun his last fiber, it was as pretty in shape as a bird's egg. Then he shed his skin again and went to sleep, as a chrysalis. But he did not intend to stay there. He had made one end of his cocoon—the pointed one—thinner than the other; and if he was left alone, in a few weeks he would wake up and gnaw his way out, and appear in the world as a brown moth.

But that was just what Aunt Kitty and the silk-makers did not wish him to do. There would be an ugly hole in the cocoon if he did so, and the



THE CHILDREN SPRINKLE A LITTLE SOIL OVER THE SILK-WORM EGGS.

hurrying to begin on a leaf; they would eat down on one edge, cutting out a beautiful scallop, notched as neatly as a little saw; and all eating together, they made a humming sound which could be heard all over the room.

Now was the time, Aunt Kitty told us, to watch sharp and see them begin their cocoons. They were now about three inches long; and instead of growing, they seemed to shrink a little, and became so nearly transparent that you could almost see through them. When one refused to eat, and went rambling about in an uncertain way, as if he was hunting for something, we knew he was ready to spin. So we laid little bushes down, and pretty soon he would climb up, find a place that suited him, fix his hind feet firm, and begin to stretch his head back and forth and every way, as far as he could reach. And where he had touched, we could see a little yellowish film, bright as spun gold, and not heavier than a spider's thread, on

"His
whether

threads of silk would be cut; so the poor worm that had spun such beautiful stuff for us must be killed.

We went up with her, after they were all done spinning, and there were the bushes full of the lovely, lemon-colored cocoons, larger than robins' eggs. We picked them off, pulled away all the floss, and then she put them in a warm oven, and kept them there long enough to destroy the little life inside.

The next thing was to get the silk off into such shape that it could be used. And one day, just before we went home, Aunt Kitty brought down a basketful of the cocoons and put some of them in a kettle of warm water. The next thing she did was to reach in a little whisk broom and catch the ends, which the water had loosened. At first a good deal of fuzzy, flossy stuff came off; but after a while she found the right end, and then, pulling gently at it, it unwound, just as the worm had spun it; and she put the threads from six or eight cocoons together, and wound them very carefully on a reel.

Afterward, she twisted all these doubled threads on the old-fashioned spinning-wheel, and had some nice skeins of sewing-silk, which she dyed blue and black, and other colors. And the floss, and all the waste ends, she carded, and spun it on

grandmother's little linen wheel, and knit herself a pair of silk stockings from it.

But Aunt Kitty told us that where they made silk they had very different machinery from hers; and after we grew older we found out more about it. After it is unwound from the cocoons and made up into skeins, or "hanks," as they are called, it is sent to the manufacturer to be woven on looms. It is known as "raw silk," because it has not been dyed or cleansed, but is just as the silk-worm made it.

Once, our silk goods all came from other countries—France, China, and those regions where the silk-worm and the mulberry trees are more at home than they are here; but now great quantities of the raw silk are sent to America, and are woven here; and some of the most elegant silk goods are made here, as fine and lustrous as a queen could ask for.

After that summer they kept no worms at grandpa's. It was too much trouble. Besides, the mulberry-trees died—it was so cold there in the winter. Aunt Kitty did not wind all the cocoons, and the last time I was there I found some of them on a high shelf in the hall-closet; and that is how I came to think of writing about the little spinners.

LOVE'S JESTING.

(An Incident in Mozart's Childhood.)

"His disposition was characterized by an extreme sensibility and tenderness, insomuch that he would ask those about him ten times a day whether they loved him, and if they jestingly answered in the negative, his eyes would fill with tears."—*Holmes's Life of Mozart, chap. 1.*

BY H. E. SCUDDER.

It is a little child
That sits upon my knee—
A little child so wild,
So running o'er w' glee.

He lays his chubby hand
Upon my hairy cheek;
His chubby hand—dear wand,
That makes my will so weak.

"Do you love me?" he says,
His soft blue eyes to mine.
"Love me!" he says—sweet ways,
Pure eyes! too soft to shine.

"Love you! Oh no!" I laugh,
And bite his little hand;
"Oh no!" I laugh, and half
Look cold and sternly grand.

Down roll large bitter tears;
He sobs with breaking heart.
Large bitter tears: such fears
My jesting words impart.

I soothe the foolish child
With tender, loving words.
The foolish child!—he smiled
And fled to chase the birds.

SONG OF THE TURTLE AND FLAMINGO.

(Written for BOVLY BUMPS and WILLY BO LEE.)

BY JAMES T. FIELDS.

A LIVELY young turtle lived down by the banks
Of a dark-rolling stream called the Jingo,



THE LOVERS.

And one summer day, as he went out to play,
Fell in love with a charming flamingo—
An enormously genteel flamingo!
An expansively crimson flamingo!
A beautiful, bouncing flamingo!

Spake the turtle in tones like a delicate wheeze:
"To the water I've oft seen you in go,
And your form has impressed itself deep on my
shell,
You perfectly modeled flamingo!
You uncommonly brilliant flamingo!
You tremendously 'A one' flamingo!
You inex-pres-si-ble flamingo!"

"To be sure I'm a turtle, and you are a belle,
And *my* language is not your fine lingo;
But smile on me, tall one, and be my bright
flame,
You miraculous, wondrous flamingo!
You blazingly beauteous flamingo!
You turtle-absorbing flamingo!
You inflammably gorgeous flamingo!"

Then the proud bird blushed redder than ever
before,
And that was quite un-nec-ces-sa-ry,
And she stood on one leg and looked out of one
eye,
The position of things for to vary,—
This aquatical, musing flamingo!
This dreamy, uncertain flamingo!
This embarrassing, harassing flamingo!

Then she cried to the quadruped, greatly amazed:
"Why your passion toward *me* do you hurtle?
I'm an ornithological wonder of grace,
And you're an illogical turtle,—
A waddling, impossible turtle!
A low-minded, grass-eating turtle!
A highly improbable turtle!"



THE FATE OF THE TURTLE.

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Then the turtle sneaked off with his nose to
the ground,
And never more looked at the lasses;
And falling asleep, while indulging his grief,
Was gobbled up whole by Agassiz,—
The peripatetic Agassiz!
The turtle-dissecting Agassiz!
The illustrious, industrious Agassiz!

Go with me to Cambridge some cool, pleasant
day,
And the skeleton-lover I'll show you;
He's in a hard case, but he'll look in your face,
Pretending (the rogue!) he don't know you!
Oh, the deeply deceptive young turtle!
The double-faced, glassy-cased turtle!
The *green*, but a very *mock*-turtle!

SAM'S FOUR BITS.

BY IRWIN RUSSELL.

DOUBTLESS all of you enjoyed Christmas, but I question whether there was another boy in the United States who was as happy as Sam, on the twenty-fifth of last December.

Sam is seven years old, and as bright a little darkey as ever "toted" a bucket of water on his head, or whisked a fly-brush over a dinner-table. His mother cooks for "Mahs'r George," and Sam, consequently, is always to be found about the "big house." Indeed, Sam comes from an aristocratic family. For generations his "people" have been house servants, without a field hand among them, and have never resided in the "quarters." Sam is quite a pet with every one. He is useful, too, as well as ornamental. He feeds the chickens with a grace that is all his own, and every evening at sunset his voice can be heard for at least a mile, calling up the pigs: "Pig-oo-oo-oo-ee!"

On Christmas Eve, Sam hung up his stocking by the dining-room chimney, looked up the flue to see "if dar was anyt'ing in dar to stop Santa Claus from comin' down," and then trotted away to the kitchen garret to bed. Whether he dreamed of Santa Claus, and, if so, how his imagination pictured the little Dutch saint, it is impossible to say; but one thing is certain, he got up unusually early the next morning. The day had scarcely begun to break, when Sam's father, Uncle Henry, and old Aunt Phillis, his mother, were aroused by a shout of "Chris'mus gif', pappy! Chris'mus gif', mammy! Chris'mus gif'! I done cotch you bofe!" Then Sam hurried on his clothes, and hastened over to the house to examine his stocking.

There it was, just as he had left it, except that it was full instead of empty. Full of what?

"Lord-ee! what a big awinge! What's dis? 'nudder awinge, I 'spec'—no, dis y'r's an apple. Whoo! jes' look at the candy! What else in dar?" Sam thought that was all; but he took the stock-

ing by the toe and shook it, and out dropped a silver coin.

"Money! Wonder how much dis is? 'Bout 'lebenteen dollars, may be—I 's gwine to ax mammy."

So Sam ran to show his father and mother what Santa Claus had brought him.

"Fo' bits in silber!" said Aunt Phillis. "Bress my soul! I aint seed no silber befo' since reb times! Gimme dat money, Sam, an' let me put it away in the big chist."

Now this did n't suit Sam at all. He had seen a great many things go into "de big chist" that never came out again, and he was by no means disposed to let his shining "four-bit-piece" meet with such a destiny. "No, mammy," said he; "please jus' let me keep it. I aint gwine to lose it. 'Sides dat chist sets right up by de chimney; an' ol' Santy might come down an' open it, an' take his money out ag'in."

"Let de chile hab de money, Phillis," said Uncle Henry; ef he loses it, 't aint much, an' it'll learn him to be keeful. Let him keep it."

So Sam kept his money. Baron Rothschild never felt as rich as he did. He would sit about in corners, talking to himself and looking at his "four bits." If he went across the yard he would stop every few steps to feel in his pocket, and see if it was still there. Indeed, never before did fifty cents seem so important to any one since the time when

"David and Goliath went out fur to fight,
Fur nuffin' but a silber half-a-dollar—
David up wid a brick, and hit Goliath such a lick,
Dat de people over Jordan heerd him holler."

Sam enjoyed his "awinge," his apple, his "puck-awns," and his candy; but the charms of all these—and they had many—paled before the brightness of the silver. He was never tired of examining it.

He wondered whether the bird on one side was a hawk, or a buzzard, or a turkey. He tried to count the notches on the rim, but, as he did n't know what came after five, he was obliged to give up the attempt in despair.

When dinner-time came, Aunt Phillis made Sam a little cake, and she pressed the coin down on the dough so as to leave a very beautiful impression. The cake was baked, and although the mark of the half-dollar became much distorted in the cooking, still, if you looked very hard, you could see what it had been. Sam thought it a wonderful work of art. He carried it off to the back gallery steps, and sat down and ate it; beginning at the edges, and eating up to the mark, until he had a round piece just the size of the coin, with the impression on one side. Then he played with that a while, and finished by eating it, also.

Time now hung heavy on Sam's hands. He began to think, or "study," as he would have expressed it, about what to do next.

What he did next was to lay his "four bits" down on the ground near the steps, and then walk off around the corner of the house. Directly he came back, walking slowly, and looking about as if he had lost something. He kicked among the grass with his feet, shaded his eyes with his hand, and appeared to be very anxious.

"Lemme see," said he, "I come 'long dis way yestiddy, an' I reckon I los' dat money somewhar 'bout dis place. I mus' done dropped it out my pocket. Wonder if anybody picked it up. Lawdy! I done found it. Right under my eyes! Ef it had a been a snake it would ha' bit me. I nebber seed de like sence ol' Hecky was a pup!" So saying, he picked up the money with great demonstrations of joy. Then he laid it down in another place, and marched off as before.

This time, however, the play turned out differently. There was a venerable Shanghai rooster that stayed in the yard that everybody called "Old Jack." He was very old and very cross, and he and Sam were deadly enemies. Many a fight had they had, and, although Sam generally got the best of it, Old Jack used to give him a great deal of trouble.

Now, just as Sam went around one corner of the house, Old Jack stalked around the other, closely examining the ground, in quest of a beetle or a worm, or some other agreeable delicacy of that sort. The bright piece of silver attracted his eye, and he advanced toward it. He had not yet determined whether or not it was good to eat, and was about to begin a closer examination, when back came the owner. At sight of his foe, Old Jack seized the coin and ran, intending to carry it off and inspect it at his leisure.

Sam set up a tremendous yell, and gave chase. Old Jack ran first in one direction and then in another; but finding himself closely pursued, he took refuge beneath the smoke-house. This building, like nearly all houses at the South, was raised from the ground on small pillars about a foot high, and Old Jack had gone under it, with Sam's money. He dropped it on the ground and crowed loudly, "adding insult to injury."

Sam had begun to cry, but that triumphant crow changed the current of his thoughts. He resolved upon measures of war.

Arming himself with corn-cobs, he began a vigorous fire upon the enemy. Old Jack, however, did not appear to mind it much. It is hard to throw corn-cobs under a house with any degree of force or precision. Sam discharged all he could find, but in vain. Then he sat down and scratched his head.

"I's gwine to git dat money, somehow," said he; "I's jes' got to hab it, shore, and dare's no use talkin' 'bout it. Ol' Jack's got to git out from under dar; you heered me! I aint a-foolin' now."

So Sam got down on the ground and began crawling under the smoke-house.

Whether Old Jack dreaded a combat in such close quarters, or whether he had fully satisfied himself that the half-dollar was too hard to be digestible, or whether he was influenced by both considerations, is unknown; but when he saw Sam, he rushed out from his retreat, leaving the silver piece behind him. But Sam was too quick for him. He grasped Old Jack by the leg, and scooped up his coin with the other hand.

"Dar! dat's business. Dis ol' rooster 'zarves to hab his neck broke. I'll fix him, 'fore long," said Sam, as he ran toward the house with Old Jack in his hands. But suddenly changing his mind, he dropped the rooster and pulled his half-dollar from his pocket.

The money had got rather dirty under the house. So had Sam; but then he was dirty already, so it did n't make any difference. The "four bits," however, must be cleaned right away, thought Sam; so he went off to the kitchen to wash it. Before he got there, however, he stopped and seemed to consider. A splendid idea had occurred to him. He had seen his mother use an egg to clarify the coffee every morning, and the thought came up to him, if an egg would clear coffee of those black, muddy grounds, would 't not be just the thing to brighten up his "four bits?" It was worth trying, anyway, he thought.

"Dar's dat little Dominica hen a-cacklin' now," said Sam, "she's jes' done laid. Wonder if I kin git the egg out de nes' 'dout mammy seein' me?"

He peeped into the kitchen. There was Aunt

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Phillis, fast asleep in front of the fire. Then he went and got the egg. He carried it around back of the house and sat down, and, having broken in one end of the shell, he poured the contents over his piece of money.

"I'll let it stay on dar a little while," thought he, "so 's to let it git right clean."

In the meantime he went into the kitchen and got a gourdful of water out of the "piggin," which he carried out with him. Thinking that it was now full time, he proceeded to wash the egg

"only jes' put some egg on it to clean off de dirt, sah, and now it's done got as black as I is!"

"Put egg on it?"

"Yes, sah. I seed mammy clarin' de trash out ob de coffee wid egg."

Sam considered the loud laughter which followed as a deep personal insult; but he forgave Master George, for he cleaned his "four bits" for him. When he received it it was wet, and Sam ran out to the kitchen to dry it. He laid it on a chip close to the fire, and sat down to watch it, singing to himself, not loud enough to disturb his mammy, a verse of the only song he knew:

"When I jumped ober de mantel-piece,—
Shiloh!

I greased my heels wid candle-grease,—
Wake 'em up, Shiloh!"

"Jes' look," said Sam, when he had finished his song, "dar's dat nice little fo' bits a-layin' in front o' de fire a-winkin' at de ashes, jes' as happy as a terrapin when you pours col' water ober him. Wonder if it knows it's Chris'mus? Chris'mus is de bes' time dey is. Dey ought to hab it wunst a week, instid ob Sunday. What's de reason water-millions neber is ripe Chris'mus? Hey! de chip's on fire!"

Sam seized his money; it was hot, and old Aunt Phillis, who had been enjoying a heavenly vision

of a fat 'possum, baked with sweet potatoes, awoke with a great start at her son's cry of anguish.

"You Sam! what you doin', sah?"

"Oh, ma-a-mmy! Dat nasty fo' bits!"

"What's de matter wid it?" asked Aunt Phillis, and she stooped and picked it up. Then there was another howl of wrath and agony—a slap—an explanation.

To relate what immediately followed would be too painful. We will only say that after a few minutes the wretched infant issued hastily from the door, with tears in his eyes, and his "four bits" (which had now got cool) in his hand.

Melancholy could not last long with Sam. "The fountain of his tears," was like one of those springs



"HE RAN TOWARD THE HOUSE WITH OLD JACK IN HIS HANDS."

off. What was his horror and amazement to find that his precious "four bits" had turned black!

Sam looked at it wofully. He tried to wash the stain off, but he could n't. What was to be done? He was afraid to ask his mammy, because she would certainly whip him. He concluded to go to Mahs'r George.

That gentleman was enjoying a pipe and a newspaper, when Sam rushed in crying: "Oh, Mahs'r George, Mahs'r George, my silber done turned into one ol' piece ob iron, sah!"

"Why, how 's this, Sam?" said Mahs'r George, looking at the coin, "what have you been doing to it?"

"I aint done nuffin' to it, sah," replied Sam,

that never run except immediately after a rain; and so, within a few minutes, he forgot his troubles.

There was a well in the yard which was one of Sam's favorite places of resort. The low wooden box that covered it made an excellent seat, and it was delightfully exciting to drop a "rock" down into the water, and hear the splash it made. Sam liked the place, and he went there with his half-dollar and set down. He laid the silver down by his side, and regarded it with all the airs of a capitalist.

"I aint made up my mind yit," said Sam, "what I's gwine to get wid dis money. Let 's see. Shall I buy a mule like pappy's? I dunno. I wants some sardines, an' a shot-gun, an' free or fo' hogs, an' a Spanish harp, an' seberal odder t'ings. May be fo' bits wont git 'em all. How much *is* fo' bits? I knows what curb-bits an' snaffle-bits fur hosses is, but I nebber heered 'bout *fo'* bits. Well, lemme see. Nix' time pappy goes to town wid the wagon, I 'se gwine to ax him kin I go 'long; den I kin look in all de stores an' see what I wants. Dar! I knows! Mahs'r George he pays me for pickin' blackberries,—I 'll git a bucket. Las' time, he paid

me in candy; I 'll ax him to pay me money nex' time, and den I 'll get a whole heap of fo' bites, an' buy more buckets, an' git dem niggers in de quarters to pick for me, an' pay 'em half what dey makes, an' den —"

Here the youthful Alnaschar jerked up his foot in ecstasy, and it struck the half-dollar. The soliloquy came to an abrupt end, for the "four bits" had gone down the well! A broad crack in one of the boards, just where it ought n't to have been, had received the unlucky coin, and Sam heard it when it struck the water below. Here was a death-blow to the bucket and blackberry scheme of fortune! Sam would have turned pale, if he could.

"Well, now, aint dat de mischief?" said he, looking over into the well. There was no use in looking, however; the money was gone "for good." So Sam straightened himself up, drew a long breath, and went off to find Old Jack, saying to himself:

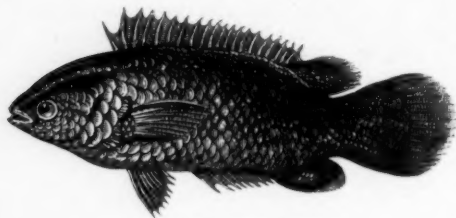
"I don't keer. What's de diff'rence? De ol' fo' bits was more trouble dan it was wuff, no-how!"

SOME FISH THAT WALK.

By J. Z. S.

"WHEN the fish come ashore what luck we 'll have!" So the boys used to say when I was a boy and the fishes would n't bite. But then, we did n't live in India, where the fishes—one kind of them at least—do come ashore very often.

They are curious little fellows, those traveling



A FISH THAT WALKS.

fishes,—about six inches long when full grown, and shaped like a perch.

They have the fortune, or misfortune, to live in a country where the swamps and ponds frequently

dry up in hot weather. Then the little fishes have to travel or die. So they travel.

Usually they do not wait till the last moment, when the pool is dry, but take time by the forelock; and, choosing a dewy evening or early morning, set out in search for better quarters, in a deeper pool or running stream. At such times the damp grass will be full of them, thousands of finny wanderers running the gauntlet of pelicans and other devouring foes, often seeking water in a thirsty land where no water is. Travelers have encountered them toiling along a dusty road, even in the broiling heat of a tropic noon!

"Impossible!" do you say? "Fishes breathe water and cannot live in air."

Hardly. Fishes breathe air *in* water, and will die in water without air as quickly as in air without water. Only keep their gills wet, and most fish will get on very well in air. If their gills are allowed to become dry the fishes smother, as the purifying air is unable to act upon their blood through gills not moistened.

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Happily for these traveling fishes, they have snugly stowed away in each cheek a sort of sponge which holds water enough to keep their gills moist for several days; consequently they are able to live that long out of their natural element.

The Hindoo fishermen take advantage of this faculty, and send the fish—which are plentiful in

But this is not the only peculiarity about these fish. They not only go ashore on occasions, but they,—I'm afraid you can hardly believe me,—they *climb trees!*

What they want to climb trees for I confess I can't imagine, unless it is to take a good look at the surrounding country, to note the bearings of



THE WALKING-FISH MEET AN ENEMY.

the Ganges—as many as a hundred and fifty miles, to the Calcutta market, alive.

It is a common practice, too, for the boatmen to lay in a stock of fish for their voyage, packing them in earthen pots without water, using daily what they want for food, and finding them, five or six days after packing, as lively as when first caught.

the nearest sands against a time of drought. That they do climb trees, however, is attested by many observers of unquestioned truthfulness. In some parts of India the natives call them Tranquebar, which means *tree-climbers*; and their scientific name (*Anabas scandens*) tells the same story.

On the opposite page you will see a picture of one of these fish, about half the natural size.

SOME FUNNY SUMMER VERSES.

BY LAURA E. RICHARDS.



THE MOUSE.

I'm only a poor little mouse, ma'am!
 I live in the wall of your house, ma'am!
 With a fragment of cheese, and a *very* few peas,
 I was having a little carouse, ma'am!

No mischief at all I intend, ma'am!
 I hope you will act as my friend, ma'am!
 If my life you should take, many hearts it would break,
 And the trouble would be without end, ma'am!

My wife lives in there in the crack, ma'am!
 She's waiting for me to come back, ma'am!
 She hoped I might find a bit of a rind,
 For the children their dinner do lack, ma'am!

'T is hard living there in the wall, ma'am!
 For plaster and mortar will pall, ma'am,
 On the minds of the young, and when specially hung-
 Ry, upon their poor father they'll fall, ma'am!

I never was given to strife, ma'am!
 (*Don't* look at that terrible knife, ma'am!)
 The noise overhead that disturbs you in bed,
 'T is the rats, I will venture my life, ma'am!

In your eyes I see mercy, I'm sure, ma'am!
 Oh, there's no need to open the door, ma'am!
 I'll slip through the crack, and I'll never come back,
 Oh, I'll NEVER come back any more, ma'am!

THE PUMP AND THE STAR.

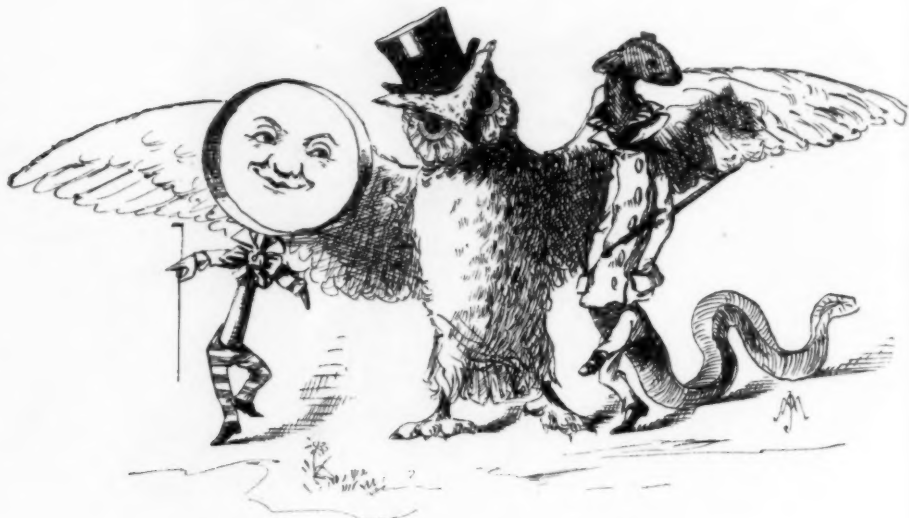
With a hop, skip and jump,
We went to the pump,
To fill our kettles with starch;
He bade us good-day
In the pleasantest way,
With a smile that was winning and arch.



"O Pump!" said I,
"When you look up on high,
To gaze on the morning star,

Does it make you sad,
Oh, Pumpy, my lad,
To think she's away so far?"

Said the Pump, "Oh, no,
For we've settled it so
That but little my feelings are tried;
For every clear night
She slides down the moonlight,
And shines in the trough by my side."



THE OWL, THE EEL AND THE WARMING-PAN.

THE owl and the eel and the warming-pan,
They went to call on the soap-fat man.
The soap-fat man, he was not within;
He'd gone for a ride on his rolling-pin;
So they all came back by the way of the town,
And turned the meeting-house upside down.

PUNKYDOODLE AND JOLLAPIN.

Oh, Pillykin Willykin Winky Wee!
How does the Emperor take his tea?
He takes it with melons, he takes it with milk,
He takes it with syrup and sassafras silk.
He takes it without, he takes it within;
Oh, Punkydoodle and Jollapin!

Vo

Oh, Pillykin Willykin Winky Wee!
 How does the Cardinal take his tea?
 He takes it in Latin, he takes it in Greek,
 He takes it just seventy times a week.
 He takes it so strong that it makes him grin;
 Oh, Punkydoodle and Jollapin!



Oh, Pillykin, Willykin Winky Wee!
 How does the Admiral take his tea?
 He takes it with splices, he takes it with spars,
 He takes it with jokers and jolly jack-tars:
 And he stirs it round with a dolphin's fin;
 Oh, Punkydoodle and Jollapin!

Oh, Pillykin Willykin Winky Wee!
 How does the President take his tea?
 He takes it in bed, he takes it in school,
 He takes it in Congress against the rule.
 He takes it with brandy, and thinks it no sin;
 Oh, Punkydoodle and Jollapin!

BRAVE TIM, THE CENTENNIAL CAT.

BY A YOUNG CONTRIBUTOR.

THERE lived in the village of Pleasant-town an interesting family of cats. Their names were Tab, Tim, and Puss. Tab, the mother, died, and left Tim



TIM AND PUSS WATCH THE FISHES.

and Puss to seek their own living. They first wandered down to the edge of the woods, where there was a pretty little brook. The cats sat down by the edge of the water and watched the shining perch glide swiftly by. They wished very much that they could catch some of them, for they were very hungry. Finding their wishes were vain, they hid in a corner, and both fell asleep.

Not far from the woods a circus-tent had been pitched. The 'music, the beating of drums, and the general noise, woke up the kittens in a fright.

Puss began to mew sadly; but Tim, who was brave and daring, started for the circus grounds, followed by timid Puss.

At length they found a good hiding-place among some loose boards, close

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to the great balloon that lay swelling and puffing upon the ground. Tim was in delight, for close by he spied some pieces of the men's dinners, and soon he and Puss made a good meal. Puss then stretched herself upon some dried leaves, to watch the people; while Tim scampered among the boards, and cut up all the capers he could think of.

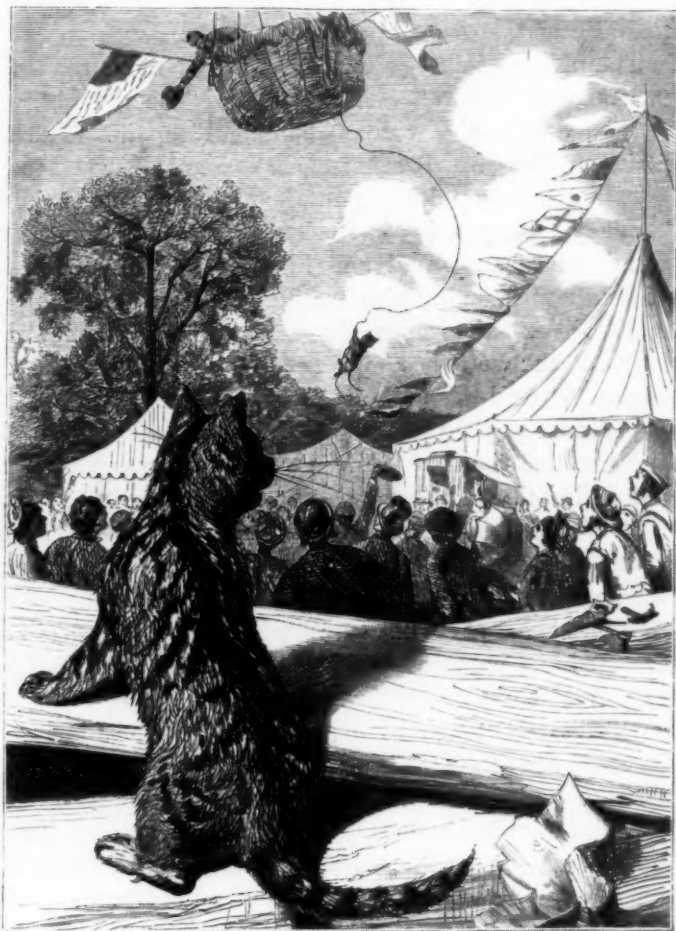
Now the fun began! The great balloon was filling, and the air rang with shouts. No one noticed Tim, who had lost all fear, and was even climbing ropes and darting like lightning all around.

"There! she's going!" bellowed the boys, as the balloon was ready to begin her voyage.

Tim, not knowing his danger, had given a spring and was holding tightly to the rope which hung from the basket. Suddenly, the air-ship shot upward, with Tim—luckless Tim!—clutching the swaying rope.

"Hip! hip! hurrah! hurrah!!"

"Look! look!" roared men and boys. "See the cat dangling!—ha! ha! ha!" They all expected to see Tim tumbling down among them, but in this they were mistaken. Tim was brave still. He did not let go his hold.



TIM CLINGS TO THE ROPE.

"This is seeing the world!" he thought as he was whirled through the air. Now he heard a voice. It said: "You brave scamp, I'll haul you in!" Tim's heart beat wildly as he felt a hand lifting him into the basket, and heard the same voice say: "Poor fellow! you are safe now."

Tim curled himself in a corner to listen, and to wonder where in the big world he would land, and if he would ever see Puss again.

"Never mind," he thought; "Puss is pretty and gentle, and will be sure to find friends. I mean to see the world."

The balloon sailed gayly on, and Tim more than once caught the word "Centennial." "What does it mean?" he thought, pricking his ears.

Tim caught the word "Centennial" again. The friendly voice he had first heard began. It said:

"We will drop down a little, and sail right over the show."

They were just in time. The bright sun shone down upon a glorious scene. Palaces, grand and high, looked upward; statues and fountains, flowers and beautiful shrubs, high trees, and winding paths lay below, and thousands and thousands of people thronged in and about all the buildings.

"Oh, the world!" again thought Tim, as he stretched his neck over the basket. "And this is the 'Centennial,' too! Oh, oh! how nice!"

"Honor to the brave!" Tim heard these words. He opened his eyes, and saw that the beautiful moon was shining over the river, upon the ships, and falling like a crown upon the tops of the Jersey pines.

"We shall come down in a very good place," said Tim's friend, after a while, "and I'll take charge of the little fellow. He's too courageous a scamp to turn adrift here."

Tim's heart grew big with gratitude, and he purred so loud that his friend caressed him tenderly, saying: "You shall have a soft place upon the parlor rug, and be the children's plaything."

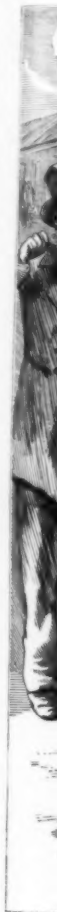
"Not I," thought Tim; "that would suit Puss. I'm too brave a cat to waste life so. It's the world for me,—the great, wonderful world that I want to see! But I won't forget my friend, nor Puss. Poor Puss!"

That morning he was taken to his new home. Tim thought his master's house very fine. The carpets were soft and rich; the children pretty and kind. But as he stretched himself up before the parlor glass, he said:

"Mew, mew, mew! The big world for me!"

Full of his fancies, Tim curled himself up in a warm, sunny spot, just to settle his plans, for the children had gone out to the "Centennial."

"I'll hear all I can to-night," he said, "and to-morrow I'll go to the Centennial."



Tim entertained the family that evening with all his antics, as payment for their kindness, because he expected to leave them next day.

Accordingly, when daylight peeped in at the windows, Tim was all ready—up and dressed! Dressed? Yes, the cunning fellow had borrowed a pair

of the baby's boots, which were of a lovely pink; a large paper collar from his master; and some red, white, and blue ribbons from the little girls.

Off the fellow proudly strutted, reaching the Centennial grounds in good time. Little did he care for the smiles of proud ladies, the laughter of saucy children, or the many foreign fingers that were pointed at him; while, in tongues unknown to him, they asked, "What is it?"

"They take me for a mighty prince perhaps!" chuckled Tim, with a wink of his eye. "I look so very foreign!"



TIM AT THE CENTENNIAL.

He pricked up his ears and rushed into the throng of curiosity seekers, still bent upon seeing all he could of the gay world.

Now I assure you, dear children, that among all the wonderful curiosities in the Mammoth Show of 1876, there is none more wonderful than "Brave Tim, our Centennial Cat"—if you only can find him.

F. W. S.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

A HAPPY MIDSUMMER to you, my hearers, and
a grand good time all through the school vacation!
And now I'll tell you

HOW TO GET COOL.

WHEN the thermometer stands at 90 deg., my warm young friends, don't fume, nor fuss, nor fan yourselves into a blaze. No. Sit down in some quiet place and think *only of cool things*. Think of snow; think of ice; think of cold water trickling down your back. Think of holding a live eel in each hand. Imagine yourself under an icy shower-bath, or sitting at night-fall on top of an iceberg; then try to shiver. Do all this without once stirring from your position and you'll get cool, or my name's not Jack.

BATH OF AN ICEBERG.

LET us see if I can tell it to you as vividly as the fish-hawk seemed to tell it to me:—Imagine a great sea with waters black from the intense cold, but flecked all over with snow-white wave crests. There is land in sight, but not a tree, not a green field, only cold land, dazzling and glittering with glaciers and snow-peaks. On the water are floating, swiftly and silently, great icebergs that look like gleaming marble palaces which some unseen spirit has set in motion.

All at once one great berg, the largest and most beautiful of all, begins to move uneasily,—to waver as if looking about to see if it is observed. Then suddenly, with swift and graceful majesty, it plunges its high crowned head beneath the waves. There is a moment's struggle, the sea swells and tosses; then out of its bath, presenting a new and even more beautiful front than before, comes the glittering berg, calm and mighty still, to float on its southward way.

INFANTS IN SHILLING PACKETS.

HERE'S an advertisement that the Deacon cut out of an English newspaper (I'll be obliged to the editors if they'll kindly print an exact copy):

DR. RIDGE'S FOOD.—When you ask for Dr. Ridge's Patent Food for Infants in Shilling Packets, see that you get it, and Beware of Imitations.

Infants must be pretty cheap on the other side of the ocean. Cheaper than chromos.

BIRDS THAT LIVE BY STEALING.

I COULD scarcely believe it true that any birds could live by stealing. But the wild duck tells me that in the Arctic regions there is a sort of gull, called by the sailors the burgomaster-gull, that gets its living in the meanest possible way. It actually steals nearly all of its food from honest birds such as the douckies, eider-ducks, and ivory-gulls. Worse than this, it steals from the eider-ducks even its eggs. The wicked creature!

My hope is that when you study the habits of our burgomaster-gull you may be able to explain this ugly business in some way—appearances may be against him.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN'S REASONS FOR RECOMMENDING THE USE OF BOWS AND ARROWS IN WAR.

DEACON GREEN lately went to Philadelphia, and on his return he brought a present for the Little Schoolma'am. What do you think it was? Why, a very small blue book, published in New York over fifty years ago, called: "*The Life and Essays of Benjamin Franklin, written by himself.*" One of the essays is a letter to Major Gen. Lee, and in it Mr. Franklin says some things that will interest you in this Centennial year. Deacon Green read it aloud to the Little Schoolma'am out under the willow tree, and you shall hear it too—or, at least, some extracts from it. You must remember that B. F. alludes to the fire-arms of 1776:

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 11, 1776.

DEAR SIR:—They still talk big in England, and threaten hard; but their language is somewhat civiler, at least not quite so disrespectful to us. By degrees they come to their senses, but too late, I fancy, for their interest.

We have got a large quantity of saltpetre, one hundred and twenty ton, and thirty more expected. Powder mills are now wanting; I believe we must set to work and make it by hand. But I still wish, with you, that pikes could be introduced, and I would add bows and arrows; these were good weapons, and not wisely laid aside:

1. Because a man may shoot as truly with a bow as with a common musket.
2. He can discharge four arrows in the time of charging and discharging one bullet.
3. His object is not taken from his view by the smoke of his own side.
4. A flight of arrows seen coming upon them terrifies and disturbs the enemy's attention to his business.
5. An arrow sticking in any part of a man, puts him *hors du combat* till it is extracted.
6. Bows and arrows are more easily provided everywhere than muskets and ammunition.

B. F. then quotes a Latin account of a battle, in King Edward the Third's reign, and adds:

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DEAR girls with when and You see I may know at Geneva years old be made Rave, D.

If so much execution was done by arrows when men wore some defensive armour, how much more might be done now that it is out of use!

I am glad you are come to New York, but I also wish you could be in Canada. There is a kind of suspense in men's minds here at present, waiting to see what terms will be offered from England. I expect none that we can accept; and when that is generally seen, we shall be more unanimous and more decisive: then your proposed solemn league and covenant will go better down, and perhaps most of our other strong measures be adopted.

I am always glad to hear from you, but I do not deserve your favours, being so bad a correspondent. My eyes will now hardly serve me to write by night, and these short days have been all taken up by such variety of business that I seldom can sit down ten minutes without interruption. God give you success!

I am, with the greatest esteem, yours affectionately,
B. FRANKLIN.

TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING.

"OH, Jack," writes a correspondent from Aiken, South Carolina, "I've a bit of news for you. A lady here made forty glasses of orange marmalade, and placed them in her garret to dry off. Then she went down-stairs, feeling that, having done a virtuous action, she should surely have her reward. When next she went into that garret, she found the floor covered with dead bees. What could it mean? Like Cassim, or somebody in the Arabian Nights, she hastened to her precious forty jars, and, to use her own words, 'My goodness sakes! if those bees had n't been and gone and sucked all the juice out of that marmalade, and left it dryer'n chips!' Out of forty jars, only fifteen were good for anything. The bees—who, by the way, belonged to a neighbor's hive—had been having a glorious time, but had died from too much enjoyment. They had taken in the richness of a hundred orange blossoms with each dainty drop. Poor things! Surely we, who never have too much pleasure, ought to be very thankful!"

Humph! I suppose so.

KAFFIR MOTHER-IN-LAW.

DEAR, dear! I just heard two travelers talking of the curious ways prevailing in certain countries which they have lately visited—in books. The Kaffir, now, is not allowed to speak familiarly to his wife's mother, nor to look her in the face. When he sees her coming, he hides his face behind his shield, and she skulks behind a bush till he has passed. He never speaks her name; and if it becomes necessary to talk to her, he is obliged to go a little way off, and shout his remarks.

No reason that I can find out. It seems to be merely a matter of etiquette.

KAFFIR LETTER-CARRIER.

TALKING of Kaffirs, their letter-carriers are funny fellows. They dress mainly in their own beautiful black skins, and a plentiful covering of grease. The Kaffir postman carries one letter at a time, directly

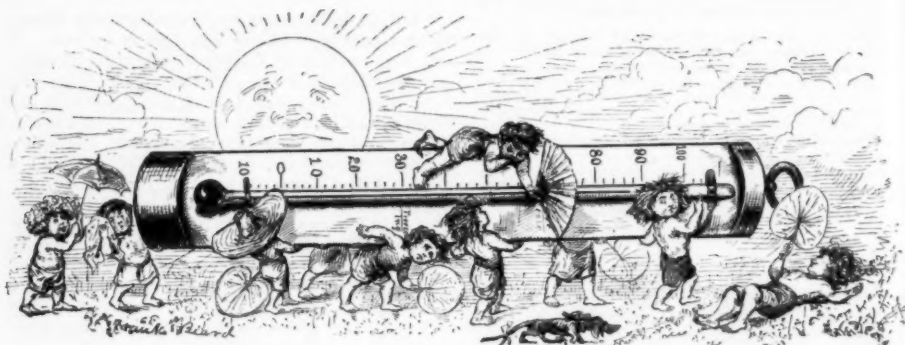
from the writer to the person to whom it is addressed, and his mail-bag is a split stick, into the opening of which he fastens the letter, holding it far out from his body. He will take one letter sixty or seventy miles, on a run most of the way, and bring back an answer, for the sum of twenty-five cents, or an English shilling. You can see him when you go to Kaffir-land.



A PICTURE FROM THE LITTLE SCHOOLMA'AM.

DEAR JACK:—Will you please send this picture to our boys and girls with my compliments, and ask them to tell me the lad's name; when and where he was born; and for what he became celebrated? You see him here trying certain experiments with phosphorus, so you may know he was scientifically inclined, even in his youth. He died at Geneva, nearly fifty years ago. He wrote verses when only nine years old, and out of the letters of his name the following words can be made: Dame, Ham, Red, Mad, Up, Vamp, Dray, Pray, Pad, Rave, Damp, Yain, Hay.—Yours truly,

"LITTLE SCHOOLMA'AM."



OLD SOL: "WHO'S RUNNING THIS THING, I'D LIKE TO KNOW?"

DEACON GREEN'S REPORT ON THE COPIES OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

AN honest-minded committee of five feels much responsibility in examining, say two thousand, copies of the Declaration of Independence, sent in by boys and girls, and selecting from the same the twenty that best deserve prizes. At first it would seem that such a committee must be five times as capable as one man, and only one-fifth as anxious, but it is not so. On the contrary, each man of the committee has four serious hindrances to a speedy decision, and the two thousand copies which each has to consider, become, in effect, five-folded to ten thousand, before the decisions are finally made.

Therefore, my friends, you will infer that we, the committee, have had a hard time of it—a good time, too, for it has been refreshing to see what crowds of young patriots and steady-going boys and girls cluster about ST. NICHOLAS (and the prizes!). Many hundreds of beautiful copies of the great Declaration were sent in, and these were examined and considered, and reconsidered until our heads grew dizzy, it seemed as if twenty cracked independence bells were sounding in our ears. The rest of the committee were enthusiastic over the correct and the finely written copies, but somehow my heart went out to the blotted sheets whereon chubby little fingers had toiled and blundered. While the four wiser ones were ecstatic over the neatness, skill and accuracy of hundreds of bright competitors, I sat wistfully holding the very worst Declarations of the lot, and, in imagination, wiping the tearful eyes of youngsters who could n't possibly win a prize or get on the Roll of Honor. However, the committee soon gave me to understand that this sort of thing would n't do—and so, to make a long story short, we considered and reconsidered once more, and sorted and compared and consulted the "conditions," and finally we awarded the prizes as follows:

The first ten prizes, you will remember, are "Liberty Bell Ink-stands," and the second ten prizes "Card-board Models of Swiss Architecture" to the younger five, and books to the elder five.

FIRST PRIZE WINNERS.

(From ten to thirteen years of age.)

Henry S. Redfield, Hartford, Conn.
Maggie J. Cady, Nichols, N. Y.
Hortense Henshaw Ward, San Francisco, Cal.
Linda L. Bergen, Waverley, N. Y.
Fannie Vail Culver, Brooklyn, N. Y.

(From fourteen to twenty years of age.)

Marion C. Frisby, West Bend, Wis.
Frederick Lathrop, Albany, N. Y.
Stanley Smith Covert, New York City.
Clarence Marshall McClymonds, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Ruth Merington, New York City.

SECOND PRIZE WINNERS.

(From ten to thirteen years of age.)

Winifred Louise Bryant, Brunswick, Maine.
Helen C. Luckenbach, Bethlehem, Pa.
Fred. H. Sturtevant, Washington, D. C.
Minnie P. Frames, Baltimore, Md.
Liang Poo Shi, Northampton, Mass.

(From fourteen to twenty years of age.)

Julianna Randolph Winalow, Baltimore, Md.
Charles S. Latham, San Francisco, Cal.
James Augustus De La Vergne, Jr., Clinton, Mo.
Max Meyerhardt, Rome, Ga.
Clara Binswanger, Philadelphia, Pa.

But when these were awarded, there lay the dozens of copies that had nearly won prizes, and the hundreds that were almost as good as the dozens, so carefully done, so neat, so admirable—taking the ages of the writers into consideration—that, but for having the Roll of Honor in which to place them, the committee might have gone distracted. Let no one suppose that because this Roll is long, it is on that account less a Roll of Honor. Every name that is here deserves to be here, and we five are proud to say so.

Many of you, my friends, who do not find yourselves on these lists may feel that injustice has been done. But do not believe it. If you were to see your copies again, you probably would be astonished at the omissions, and the mistakes in spelling, that escaped your attention.

For instance, two very elaborate Declarations, each superbly put upon a great sheet of paper, marvels of neatness and penmanship, contained positive errors of spelling and copying—not the mistakes

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Alice B.
Harry R
Manie F
Sadie S.
Win R.
Etta Bee
Lorella M
Emma J.
Grace B.
H. Merto
Edwin K
Louis P.
Cora A.
Nellie W
Gertrude
Thomas

in spelling which really occur in the fac-simile of the original "Declaration," and which every child had a right to follow in this case, nor yet the slight verbal differences that had to be allowed because they occur in the various forms of the "Declaration" printed in books of authority—but positive errors that could not be overlooked, and that marred the otherwise wonderful excellence of the copy. One very beautiful copy (by Ellis C.) was spoiled by divided monosyllables, such as h-ath, th-em, Ju-dge, h-old, occurring at the end of lines, part being on one line and part on the next. Other words, such as en-l-arg-ing, c-h-a-r-a-c-t-e-r, tra-n-s-p-o-r-t-i-n-g, wit-h-o-u-t, etc., were broken in an equally remarkable way. Speaking of this, I would suggest to very many of you who sent in copies, that no word of one syllable, nor a syllable forming part of a word, should ever be divided by writing part on one line and part on another. And let me call attention here to the very common mistake of writing the word government, *government*. The committee (looking at the poor rejected Declarations) shudders to think in how many civilized American homes that word is pronounced "government." Never let a St. NICHOLAS boy or girl commit this offense, I beg.

If the "signers" of 1776 could look over these copies of the Declaration, they would be interested, no doubt, in some of the young signers of 1896. For instance, Roger Sherman would see the names of his three great-grandchildren, Mary E. Boardman, Elizabeth Haskell Boardman, and Hettie L. Greene; Matthew Thornton would find his great-granddaughter, Mary Greeley; Samuel Huntington would discover his great-grand-niece, Mary Pearsall Coley, and a certain South Carolina signer would be amused at the letter of Henry Hone Leonard, who writes:

"Thomas Heyward, of South Carolina, was my great-grand-uncle, his niece was named Thomas after him, and when she grew old, she was called 'Aunt Tom.'"

But, in one sense, we all are descendants of the "signers," and I am sure all of you, especially those who have expressed such satisfaction in at last "knowing every word of the Declaration," will unite with me in doing honor to their memory.

Now for the grand Roll of Honor, but allow me, before giving it, to thank you for your hundreds of hearty letters, and to sign myself, with the committee's sincere compliments to you all,

Yours to command,

SILAS GREEN.

ROLL OF HONOR.

(Girls and Boys of from Ten to Thirteen Years of Age.)

Frank Bourne Upham	Lucy W. Alexander	Amy C. Thacher
Josephine M. Wilkin-	Katie Sturges Benton	Jamie Mitchell
son	Nelly W. Chapell	Charles P. Machesney
Stephen T. Livingston	Florence Townsend	Florence E. Bennett
Lyman B. Garfield	Ella Reed	Alfred H. Dunkerley
H. Percy Chilton	Edgar A. Law	Charles L. Dunkerley
Rachel E. Hutchins	Eliz. H. Boardman	Lillie Ray
Edith Eaton	E. C. Wilstach	Mary McC. Kidder
Fred M. Pease	Horace L. Jacobs	Charles B. Willson
Clarence E. Doolittle	Wooley Carmalt	Elmer B. Hudson
Sara G. Timmins	Edward C. Mills	Constance Furman
Lucy Hamlin	Maxwell W. Turner	Libbie Montross
Anna Jerenson	Alice C. Twitchell	Kate Graham Gilbert
Philip W. Ayres	Stella Brown	Lizzie E. Moorhead
Carrie P. Smith	Carrie Louise Cook	Mary E. Poole
Alice B. Prescott	Helen D. Wheeler	Jessie Lampont
Harry R. Nyce	Margaret Miller	John Hubbard Curtis
Manie Field	Willie R. Page	Lizzie M. Knapp
Sadie S. Morrow	Susie C. Amory	Amy Shriver
Wm. R. Macknight	Jeph Moore Bowles	Chester T. Hoag
Etta Beekman	Eva Germain	Anna Bergitta Olsen
Lorella M. Palmer	Wm. Peck McClure	Annie Fitzgerald
Emma J. Knight	Ella M. Woolley	Lillian E. Taylor
Grace B. Stearns	Sadie Georgetown Colby	Rollin N. Larrabee
H. Mertoun Downs	C. Alice Robinson	Wm. F. Livingston
Edwin K. Ballard	Annie M. Marsh	Elsa Lincoln Hobart
Louis P. Taggart	Fred L. Smith	Edmond C. Van Diest
Cora A. Lock	Maude Calkins	Debbie Duane Moore
Nellie Washburne	Susie Ganson	Hattie L. Seymour
Gertrude B. Adams	Maria P. Bockee	David C. Halsted, Jr.
Thomas T. Baldwin	Minnie Woolley	Edith Lowry

Gertrude F. Van Duzen	Hobart Amory Hare	Bessie S. Smith
Mary E. Lester	Amy Massey	Charles Morse Hazen
Susie E. Buckminster	Mary K. Hankins	Helen Beal Hall
Nessie E. Stevens	Lucia A. Ferris	Hannah N. Thomas
Maud Getty	Mabel Shippie Clarke	Grace L. H. Hobart
Jennie Custis Young	Carrie R. Heller	Nannie Barnard
Dorsey Ash	Emma Luella Flagg	Virginia B. Page
A. Blanche Nichols	Esther M. Turley	Mary L. Matthews
Emily M. Thompson	Willie Dibblee	Jennie B. Barnard
Martha Preble Adams	Olivia S. Wilson	Allie Collingbourne
Allen H. Moore	Marland C. Hobbs	Nettie Williams
Harry W. Chapman	James A. Little	Lutie R. Munroe
Robbie S. Tew	Anna Belle Moore	Luman C. Pryor
Arthur D. Smith	Hattie A. Thomas	Nellie A. Hudson
Frank Howard Wells	Francine M. Gale	Rebecca F. Hamill
Molly Montgomery	Fannie F. Hunt	Etta Crampton
J. Barton Townsend	Howard G. Thompson	Jacob Bein
Ethel A. Littlefield	Charles F. Clement	Blanche L. Turner
Anna Taylor Warren	Emma C. McAllister	Ada E. Mott
Bessie Daingerfield	Harry Walsh	Lewis H. Ruthford
H. W. Plummer	Kittie Sanders	Nellie M. Tremaine
Mary Louise Smith	Emma Hanford	Hattie Butler Tucker
Carrie W. Hunter	Maude Bartlett Tripp	Mary B. Chadwell
Finnie Collins	Lulu E. Orth	Clara H. Thomas
Ellen Kemble Lente	Nellie C. Beckwith	Sarah Saxton Frazer
Charles A. Herpich	Susie D. Sherwin	Gracie Townsend
Lizzie C. Treadwell	Josephine Willis	May McCalla
Ella Higbee	Minnie D. Keyser	Anna Woltjen
Maud E. Potts	John Frederic Huckel	Alice Eliz. Bunnell
Leonie G. Giraud	Elizabeth Leggett	Sarah F. Chapman
Lizzie A. Hewins	George A. Pettengill	Virginia Waldo
Anna C. Felton	Frank C. Colville	Maria E. A. Whittlesey
Anna S. Catlin	Annie H. Close	Isaac S. Laubentine
Bella Townsend	Rena R. Chamberlin	Isabelle S. Roorbach
Anna F. Rew	Mattie O. McCarter	Hettie L. Greene
Joseph Abbott Chapin	Emma Dodge Boyd	Wm. Osborne Safford
Annie Carskaddon	Marion J. Seaverns	Bessie J. Seelye
Edwd. Russell Kellogg	Laura Augusta Wilson	Frank G. Moody
Jeannie J. Durant	Ora Lea Dowty	Nathaniel Greene, Jr.
Louise Rankin Albee	Florence A. Kendall	Bessie Harris Smith
Clara J. Elliott	Charles Wesley Ashby	Mabel Page
E. L. Richards, Jr.	Lizzie Kiernan	Helen Tyler Brown
Carrie Newell	Frankie M. Sebley	Edith Whiting
Hattie C. Allen	Minnie Elouise Blass	Frank D. Leffingwell
Thomas C. Griggs	Amelie Louise Rives	Alfred Howard Fuller
Nellie De Golyer	Florence G. Russell	Sarah B. Coolidge
Augusta M. Carter	Mina Snow	Julia A. Hibben
Kate Louise Dana	Ettie J. Armstrong	Kath. Betta Hammond
Sarah W. Learned	Bertha Colt	Edmund Platt
Lizzie O. Marston	Jennie C. Reando	Laura Hart
James Craig Crawford	Emma Rhodes	Rosie M. Bodman
Louis Noble	Lizzie P. Wells	Agnes E. Deane
Mary E. Boardman	Kate B. Walsh	Maggie U. Quinby
Nellie S. Colby	Lizzie Selden	Louis N. Geldert
Harry Walter Shaw	Geo. Clinton Goodwin	Clara Hurd
Arthur Hudson Brown	May F. Southgate	Agnes Estella Hall
Elise Dana Howe	Elizabeth L. Marquand	Lillian Page
Charles F. Williams	Isabel Derrick	John W. Harris
Elkanah Williams	Bessie S. Garrett	Ada F. Crandall
Mary McMartin	Emma B. Griffith	Lucy K. Maynard
Harry H. Small	Jennie Sage	Ernest Lane Angle
Ursula Paret	Virgie C. Castleman	Jessie Percival Sutton
Amos Russell Wells	Cornelia Fulton Crary	Julia Harrison Moore
Ernest Albert Munsell	Mary Grace Stewart	Lily L. Pinneo
Willie R. Howland	Lilian Fagan	Sarah H. Fiske
Frederic Davis	Dodie Mann	Wm. Thomas Rayner
Sanford Norris Knapp	May Terry	Harry Brown Prindle
Howard F. Boardman	Carrie Wood	Helen C. Bates
Thomas F. Forster	Carrie Wiggins	Fannie Ellen Pratt
Nathalie Homans	Katie F. Gibson	Jeannie Moore
Henry R. McCabe	Fred A. Howard	Lydia S. Rommel
Mabel C. Chester	Arthur L. Brandigee	John Wm. Potter
Bessie Cocke	May Fitton	Mary G. Austin
Lizzie Eva Lee	Harvey C. Jewett	Lillie D. Richards
Carleton Brabrook	Willie Edwards	Isabel C. Halsted
Susie Goldmark	Lizzie Beach	Mary Abbie Wentz

Minnie E. Patterson	Howard Steel Rogers	T. Morton Lipscomb	Herbert H. White	Ida Lathers	Nettie C. Beal
Gracie B. Weed	Minnie A. Lyon	Nattie G. Valentine	Hattie J. Chamberlain	Sophia Jarrett	Julia E. Ogden
Nora Abbott	Florence Ware	Hattie A. Whitel	Ellis Chandler	Annie Greene	Laura Fletcher
Ida Marion Chase	Libbie M. Dunkerley	Mary Van Diest	Mary G. Lockwood	Minnie Bowen Potter	Hugh W. Pemberton
Jeannie G. Greenough	Mary Bell French	Mary B. Stebbins	Herbert Putnam	Emily S. Haynes	Minnie C. Short
John Tudor Gardiner	Helen G. Perinchief	Lucia Beverly Talcott	Minnie D. Blanchard	Anna Middleton	Emilie R. Vincent
Maggie W. Hogeland	Wilhelmina N. Jones	James H. Skinner	Andrew O. Steele	Belle C. French	L. Addie Meeker
Leon Hornstein	Annie L. Thorn	Emily Richardson	Emma H. Kirby	Charles M. Fish	Elise Johnson
Ernest Farnham	Mary E. Huggins	John H. Townsend	John T. Sill	Fannie M. Hannaha	Alice W. Huell
Anna Grace Carter	Lizzie C. Selden	C. Eleanor Lewis	David Hays	Alice Flora White	Kate M. Wetherell
Edgar C. Leonard	E. Louise Tibbetts	Mabel Gordon	Burton A. Randall	Addie J. Davis	George B. Houston
Walter John Stevenson	Matilda Kay	Rosalie A. Ogden	Chas. Leland Harrison	James M. Treadway	Emily Grace Gorham
Richard Fiske Smith	Minnie Roebuck	Dora Matthews	Carrie L. Warren	Cleora A. Bonneville	Lottie E. Skinner
Annie F. Butler	Mary Pearsall Coley	Ella Grigg	Sarah M. Jarrett	Charles W. Adams	Mary S. Clark
R. Bennett Wynkoop	May Greeley	Sadie T. Steele	Lina F. Warren	Virgie Harness	Annie D. Latimer
Hattie M. Daniels	J. Louise Wright	Henry Hone Leonard	Jessie J. Cassidy	Nellie A. Morton	Agnes Taylor
Clara B. Presbrey	Lena C. Smith	Annie F. Neill	Harry H. Wyman	Guy M. Watkins	May Davenport
Fanny L. Tyler	Mattie A. Morgan	Freddie G. Davies	Albert White	Annie Eliza Watts	Clara J. Hicks
J. M. Firth Bartlett	Louise Hooker	Melia F. Hodgkins	Josie M. Hadden	Ella G. Damon	Daisy Martin
Wm. Russell Fearon	Jamie W. Tupper	Selwyn N. Blake	Lizzie Grubb	Ida Groff	Dora Wheat
Laura G. Smith	Bruce Throckmorton	Zula Jones	Charles Hart Payne	Allie Van Ingen	Alice Copeland
Gertrude H. Abbey	Mary Throckmorton	Robt. Bowman, Jr.	Ossian E. D. Barron	Mary Stevens	Ella C. Upham
Henry R. Gilbert	Bessie Sergeant	Margaret House	Martha D. Bessey	Alice Louise French	Caroline E. Bruorton
Sadie A. Vinal	Foster A. Rhea	Bertha Kirby	May F. Doe	Ernest E. White	Howard S. Bliss
Lucia Lee Bates	Sophie Perkins Rhea	Achsa McCullough	Laura A. Jones	Janet Cross	Eunice King Hazen
Lizzie Simons	Jane S. Ledyard	Theodora M. Schmid	Alice Blanchard	Ernest E. Hubbard	Fannie S. Adams
Julia Lathers	Gertie E. Taylor	Arad Taylor Foster, Jr.	Abbie A. Story	Alice Maud Wight	Wm. R. Shufeldt
Louise R. Johannott	Kitty Stebbins	Katie M. Hancock	Sarah P. Ranney	Lillie E. Earp	Sarah Isaacs
Alice Hansell	Craig McClure	Harry Glasier Archer	Mary M. Pryor	Anne C. Gleim	Irving Perley FAVOR
Walter C. Fish	Sarah Ellen Odneal	George Oakley	May E. Strong	Lucy E. Roberts	Edwin Oliver
Catherine E. Abbott	Bessie S. Weeks	Bessie S. Weeks	Stephen W. Libby	Jennie E. Shugg	Emma P. Willits
Alice F. Brooks	Mamie D. Clark	Jessie V. V. Thomas	Augusta P. Canby	Louis T. Reed	Clara Nice
Mabel C. Stanwood	Wm. P. H. Bacon	Mary T. Abbot	Fanny A. Lester	George E. Willis	Mary Alice Russell
Maria Adams Rogers	Willie H. Mooney	Ruth Crosby Dodge	Cora M. Oakfield	Laura Haines	Hattie Ella Buell
Clement Newman	Anna F. Bird	Robert Hale Birdsall	Florence Washburne	Julia Cleveland Lyman	Minnie L. Ellis
Birdie Irene Luce	Margaret Mather Sill	Addie Imogen Carver	Helen M. Shattuck	Louis Meyerhardt	Ida Axell
Georgianna Hollister	Marian Roby Case	Gertrude H. Osborne	Emma Lee Tuttle	Mary F. Thompson	Carrie Hirschfelder
Grace L. Phelps	Minnie Rheem	Herbert P. Moore	Carrie M. Crowell	Sarah Newberger	Adelia A. Nichols
Frances J. Parker	Harriet Avery	Chas. Henry Hannam	Lottie F. Gilbert	Mary Balfour Leiper	Lizzie Jamieson
Charles J. Humphrey	Irene W. Haslehurst	Chas. M. Hutchins	Lottie T. Gold	Edward A. Williams	Isabella H. White
Eliza May Lucas	Freddie S. Goodrich	Mary Y. Hogan	Willis E. Frost	Annie Mary Hayden	Mary Latimer Willis
Daisy Hunt	Mabel C. Barber	Florence Dow	Charles W. Gaston	Cornelia Brown	Mary De Witt Seary
Lulu E. Habershaw	Grace R. Meeker	Katie Noble	Nettie Graham	Addie S. Church	Carrie Parker Johnson
Minnie Brua	Nannie James	Nellie F. Elliott	May F. Allen	Chas. R. Trowbridge	Callie Webster
Lizzie Mitchell	Mary C. Foster	Alice Smith	Grace S. Hadley	Annie E. Hilands	Charlotte J. Blake
Etta N. Congdon	James McComb	Ida F. Quimby	Charles R. Thurston	Abbie A. Stough	Sarah H. Sergeant
James Weir	Charles E. Rupert	Julia P. Shaw	Mamie R. Gaston	Lizzie M. Baker	Agnes B. Williams
John B. Jackson	Alice A. Eager	Emmie Louisa Lewis	Mary Rogus Atlee	Cleveland A. Parker	Lizzie C. Wells
Fannie M. Beck	Maud J. Miner	Eliza McFarland	Daniel Rawlins	Sarah McClurg	Milly S. Reed
Bertha E. Taylor	Lorena B. Beatty	Robert G. Beatty	Geo. W. Hutton, Jr.	Eleanor M. Pike	Eva M. Reed
Abby L. Barney	John Isaac Perkins	Elinora Iselin Horn	Ida Werner	Carrie Marsh	Jennie C. McElroy
Gertrude W. Cornell	Kittie McDermott	James Alden Guest	Mary Eudora Bixby	Venard Black	Kittie J. Dunn
Emily T. Colket	Kitty E. Rhodes	Ella Carr	Rena D. Smith	Lottie Huggins	Nellie B. Wright
Anna E. Lester	Birdie Kingston	William Scott	Julia Frances Peck	Kenneth L. Browne	Carrie S. Simpson
Edith W. Judd	Mattie J. White	James G. Carson, Jr.	Hattie F. Lockwood	Emma Wetmore	Ida May Seaton
Grace Forman	Alice W. Davis	A. Kremer Miller	Libbie E. Noxon	Millie E. Twitwell	Cora L. Shoemaker
Pauline Koenehe	Lizzie T. E. Rogers	Katie E. Hubbard	E. D. Hennessey	Emma Hall	Lila F. Atkinson
Jennie F. Dedham	Arthur L. Pease	Emily D. Garretson	Eva A. Smith	John E. Lewis	May R. Shipman
Mamie C. Gerard	Mary Grace Shippie	Albert H. Adams	M. E. Buckminster	Helen R. Massey	Mabel M. Mason
Adalina Pratt	Artella Babcock	Amy Cray	Lizzie Merrill	Abbie C. Brown	Woods P. Johnson
Mary C. Huntington	Henry K. Morrison	Ella A. Wrigley	Anna F. Mathouet	Carrie O. Chester	Lizzie Beard
Nettie R. Gardner	Mary S. Clark	Lily Reid	R. Helen Fry	Theodora Chase	Fred Herbert Adams
Kate Bird Runkle	Addie B. Smith	Newcomb Cleveland	Walter Hanks	Emily Augusta Cook	Nannie G. Laubie
Mary A. Armstrong	Fannie E. Cushing	Fanny Elizabeth Peck	Minnie L. Myers	Samuel Lewis	Louella H. Markle
Hattie F. Roberts	Reta A. Whitlock	Two "Canadians"	Ida Pease	Allie I. Havens	Laura M. Hixson
			John M. Townsend	William Henry Dix	Annie J. Bliss
			Fred M. Clark, Jr.	Lina H. Barton	Annie R. Warren
			Mary L. Allen	Katie H. Harris	John H. Hopkins
			Lucy E. Keller	Emma Augusta Telf	Grace Collins
			Nettie Ely	W. F. Smith	Emma Koch
			Virginia B. Ladd	Edgar N. Stevens	Richard H. Knowles
			Arthur C. Smith	Willard E. Keyes	Henry O. Nute
			Ella L. Ostrom	Charlie A. Pierce	Flossie E. Valentine
			Sarah W. Putnam	Edith L. Danielson	Lizzie Tredway
			Wm. E. Myers	Edwin Horner Gayley	Effie M. Jennings
					Jas. Hart Yarbrough

ROLL OF HONOR.

(Girls and Boys of from Fourteen to Twenty Years of Age.)

E. B. Halsted	Sarah A. Ellithorpe	Ella J. Darwin
Sarah F. Lincoln	Clinton H. Bradley	Nannie W. Clark
Percy W. Eaton	Adele W. McAllister	William Wirt Duncan
Wm. Wesley Runyon	Willie L. Amerman	Flora C. Hanley

Cora F.
Dixie
Ada M.
Eugene
Juliet
John L.
Leva H.
May F.
Cora E.
Hugh
Wm. F.
Anna L.
Warren
Lilla M.
Emma
John J.
Emmie
Henry
Wm. A.
W. H.
Willie
Mary A.
Minnie
Lucy P.
Howard
Julia A.
Florence
Carrie
May B.
Howell
Frank L.
Gertrude
Edith E.
Eliz. B.
Ella Ly.
Mary R.
Bessie K.
Everett
Lily F.
Kate F.
Helen I.
Fred R.
Charles
Mary C.
DeForest
Gertrude
Theresa
A. Brad
Mary E.
Thos. R.

Cora Frost	Geo. H. Striwig	Mamie Stratton	Sophie Adams Hall	E. Lizzie Sadtler	Lillie C. Bass
Dixie Lee Bryant	Arthur W. Condict	Carrie Skinner	Helen C. Cornell	Ada G. Horton	May T. Kemble
Ada M. Woolley	Nellie E. Sherwood	Jessie Longley	Nina Leonard Nevins	Wm. J. Cloves	Edward F. Kingsbury
Eugene A. Baker	Georgiana R. Young	Sophie Wright Fitts	Willie T. Eastburn	Jennie M. Shattuck	Bertha E. Saltmarsh
Juliet McB. Hill	Elizabeth M. Sherman	Nellie C. Sayers	Marion Chitty	Charles E. Wessel	Addie S. Ketcham
John T. Loomis	Mary A. Sayer	Bessie Selden	Edward Wm. Herron	Lizzie Neuhaus	Tessie Bertha Connor
Leva Par Delford	Grace Clark	Nellie Lobdell	James H. Lancashire	Emma M. Pierce	Birdie Bennett
May Harvey	Ruania E. Chase	Sophie K. Card	Attherton Clark	Anna M. Garretson	Gracie J. Hickler
Cora E. Chapman	Alice B. Pirtle	Hattie E. Hoag	Frances Eliza Rowell	Fanny N. Osburn	Mary Wattson
Hugh Du Bois	Mary D. Hodges	Allie M. Joyce	Florence Graham	Amelia A. Adams	Francis E. Morse
Wm. R. Cordingly	Charlie Sale	Gracie E. Bushnell	Rachel Adler	J. A. Bowne	Libbie Lee
Anna M. Lagowitz	Annie M. Rudd	Mary E. Selden	Chas. Grant Rust	Mollie Gatchel	Angie Gascoigne
Warren W. Smith	Turpin Gerard	Emma L. Hyde	Mary C. Taylor	Carrie Towne	Cora Lippitt Snow
Lilla M. Hallowell	Mollie E. Kellogg	Louise Achey	Mollie E. Gird	Susie M. Acker	Henry T. Miller
Emma E. Porter	Willie B. Sears	Louisa Williams	Emelie S. Farwell	Addie M. Sherman	Iva M. Ingram
John J. Zebley	Julia B. Frayser	Ida A. Coats	Eliza A. A. Morton	Winifred P. Ballard	Agnes Eliz. Stevens
Emmie D. Merrill	Fanny M. Hyde	Mary S. Seymour	Harvey W. Temple	Maude Lovett	Kirk McNair
Henry P. Canby	Natalie J. Brown	Wm. G. Talman, Jr.	Adelle A. Sexsmith	Maria Storms Peck	Ida Patchen
Wm. Arthur Locke	E. Eva Cast	Abby J. Cross	Julia Parsons Roberts	Frank E. Davis	Rosie R. Atwater
W. H. Burns	Helen G. Black	Ella M. Tuttle	Edgar J. Wheeler	Lulu C. Luce	Florence Harding
Willie Boucher Jones	Charles S. Mills	Harry Griffing Tobey	Richd. Edward Ferris	Ida Brown	Lillian L. Evans
Mary A. Tobey	Nellie F. Eames	D. C.	Wm. A. Stout	Lillie Bishop Perkins	Florence M. Drew
Minnie Loreign Reid	Eliza Van B. Parker	Lettie L. Doane	Winthrop Alexander	Nellie J. Watson	Elsie L. Reeves
Lacy Purinton	Bacon Starr	Lottie J. Webb	Louise Valliet	Geo. F. Curtis	Esther C. Britain
Howard Willis Preston	Walter L. Seward	Oliver Everett	Katie Hilliard	Helena Goodwin	Lulu L. Wylie
Julia A. Watson	Benjamin M. Lewis	Maggie H. Soule	Mattie A. Vinal	Alice M. Evans	Hattie A. Lusk
Florence Donnelly	Lennie Colby	Katie Roebuck	Helen H. Stewart	Thomas C. Diggs	Wm. G. Sutherland
Carrie T. Granger	Philip Cooke Kennedy	Julia A. Wright	Ella J. Eddy	Abby D. Baker	Edith R. Packard
May B. Reese	Della Vie White	Charles S. Bird	Ella Hogeland	Leula Wethered	Helen Edna Briggs
Howell Stewart	Carrie Holdeman	Josie Hewetson	Lulu S. Rex	Alice Stickney	Estelle Keller
Frank Ellis	Marion Abbott	Abbie Bentley	Geo. T. M. Tilden	Fannie W. Armstrong	Lucy C. Ross
Gertrude M. Denison	Carrie Stilwell	Annie Natrass	Bertha F. Poindexter	Jennie L. Barnard	Jennie J. Wilson
Edith E. Morris	George Valliet	Charles H. Fish	Fannie L. Clark	Annie Gore	Ella Gallup
Eliz. Burrill Curtis	Belle Wilson	Cora A. Tuttle	Clara A. Potter	Laura Crosson	Charles M. Catlin
Ella Lyon	Harry L. App	Gertie A. Benedict	Edwin Bennett	Margaret Frayser	Henry Allen Tenney
May Remington	Minnie A. Myrick	Jodie Humiston Wills	Gracie E. Steere	Anna Stratford	Six "Canadians"
Bessie B. Randall	Mary E. Herron	Nannie Moore	Fstelle McAllister	Mary C. Washburn	Mary E. Dunakin
Everett D. Van Dusen	Florence Emilie Hyde	Elise Graham	Louisa Ford	Minnie Merry	E. M. Bergen
Lily F. Swords	Ethel Beecher Allen	Martha H. Lambertson	Agnes L. Kimberley	Eva L. Fulton	Addie C. Mead
Kate F. Howland	Josephine B. Miner	Sophie McPherson	Warren P. Laird	John Prentice Terry	Benjamin M. Wright
Helen L. Stanton	Lucy Coverts	Carrie E. Powell	Charlie F. Carter	Bessie E. Dickinson	Martha Hall
Fred R. Galloupe	Edith Harrison	Lidie H. Harding	Wm. Cushman Hanks	Dora Laura Goble	Marion Wilkinson
Charles K. Mount	Alfred T. Guyott	Carrie P. Holden	Mary A. Morey	Elsie S. Adams	Helen M. Boynton
Mary C. Gerts	Mabelle L. Jones	Percy Perry	Jeanette Benjamin	Mary Wikoff	Maggie Chalmers
DeForest C. Williams	Bessie A. Peck	Mary C. Brown	Maddie Hawkins	Annie Dwight Rhea	Sibyll Louise Olmsted
Gertrude Huntington	Isabelle C. Corbett	Grace Ellen Richards	Anna L. Knight	Grace Benedict	Florence Bickford
Theresa M. Lawrence	Clifton B. Dare	Charles Daniel Pitcher	Amelia Y. Johnson	Phebe A. Booth	Bessie C. Battelle
A. Bradford Wallace	Ella Mendenhall	Harriet E. Angell	Elmer E. Hoover	Libbie Dusenbury	Olive Parker Black
Mary Eliz. Fairfield	John Henry McEwen	Alice Matthews	Rachel Littell	H. Winfield Matthews	Carrie A. Tupper
Thos. Randolph Elrod	Fannie M. Lincoln	Henry N. Niles	S. Halsted Watkins	Mamie A. Tuttle	Herbert T. Abrams



. ICE-CREAM.

BY MARION HARLAND.

ONE cup of *fresh* milk, one cup of sweet cream, two-thirds of a cup of white sugar, four eggs, two scant tea-spoonfuls of Colgate's vanilla extract. Heat the milk to scalding, in a farina-kettle. Beat the eggs light and stir in the sugar. Pour the hot milk, a little at a time, upon the eggs and sugar, stirring



all the while. Put this custard back into the farina-kettle and let it boil about eight minutes, or until it is pretty thick, *stirring all the time*. Pour into a bowl, and when cold stir in the cream and vanilla. Have ready a clean tin can or pail, with a *tight* top, lapping on the outside,—if mamma has no freezer. Put the custard in this,

and set it within a wooden pail. Pack pounded ice very hard about it, say two inches deep; then a thick layer of common salt; another layer of ice, another of salt—to the level of the lid of the tin pail, keeping the handle upright. Turn the “freezer” by the handle, back and forth, half-way around each time, for half-an-hour. Peep at the cream, having wiped all the salt water from about the cover before opening the can. It ought to be frozen around the edges by this time. Beat and stir it with a silver spoon until it is all thick and smooth alike. Put on the cover, drain off the salt water, pack in more layers of salt and ice, and turn steadily for half-an-hour longer. Kitty or Fanny, who is spending the day with you, will take her turn, and you will, both of you, enjoy the frolic. Pour the water off twice more, and fill up with ice and salt; but do not lift the cover until the hour is fully up. Then, when you wish to serve it, wipe the freezer dry, uncover it, and should the cream be firm (as it will be, if you have “turned” faithfully), wrap a towel, which has been dipped in hot water and wrung out, all around the can, and turn it upside down upon a flat dish, so that the ice-cream may slip out nicely.

This is “French Vanilla Cream,” and if you are careful in following the directions, it will be good enough to excuse the delight of the left-hand cherub above, who is throwing himself heels over head in his ecstasy. It will also be more wholesome than the frothy stuff that looks like soap-suds and tastes like pot-cheese, and leaves something in the bottom of the saucer very much like chalk, and which we may believe to be really chalk, if we are in the habit of dealing with confectioners who mix plaster-of-Paris with frosting, or color candy with poisonous paints, or put earth

in chocolate caramels, or are guilty of any other tricks of the kind.

N. B.—The ice should be broken into pieces not larger than a pigeon's egg. The easiest way to do this is to put it between the folds of a piece of old carpeting and pound it with a mallet. Every bit of it is saved by this process.

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THE LETTER-BOX.

BOYS AND GIRLS! This truly Midsummer holiday number of ST. NICHOLAS is offered you in honor of the season. We know that with you "the holidays" are not confined to Christmas times, and so ST. NICHOLAS, coming out in the prime of summer, must give you only its choicest and best. This is why, among all the pleasant things in this issue of the magazine, you find a paper that not only is full of midsummer poetry, but full of just the heartiest help for enjoying it. Miss Larcom (who, you may remember, helped Mr. Whittier to compile his "Child-life in Poetry") knows how truly young souls enjoy all that is sweet and beautiful on the green earth; and she knows, too, how keenly you all would enjoy what some of the best poets say about it, if you only knew just how, and in what spirit, to read them. She tells you that the best poets are the simplest; and the most fitting subjects for poems are the thoughts and things that are oftenest felt and seen—by young and old—and we hope you'll enjoy every word she says. Mrs. Oliphant, too, and Mrs. Whitney and Noah Brooks and Celia Thaxter and Lucretia P. Hale and Lydia Maria Child, and all the others who have helped us in our effort to make this the very crowning number of ST. NICHOLAS—we thank them in your name, and wish them peaceful and happy Midsummers to the end of their days.

Potsdam, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I take your magazine, and think it is splendid. I like "The Boy Emigrants" the best. I would like to know if all the stories that Jack-in-the-Pulpit preaches are true. I have the history of the United States, beautifully bound. Our printing-office caught fire just as we were going to Sabbath school, and we all ran to see the fire. When we came home from Sabbath school, it was all out. Just in the midst of the fire two dogs got to fighting, and they had to part them with water. My teacher said that I could spell better than I could write. I have a little brother who is very sick with the lung fever, and is very cross. I have a little friend to whom I take my ST. NICHOLAS after I get through it. Please put my letter in the Letter-Box.

JOHNNIE SEELY.

J. S. offers the following original conundrum:

Why cannot an uncut wisdom tooth properly be considered as a part of the human body?

Ans. Because it's a purely inside dental affair.

Aix-la-Chapelle, Germany.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl eleven years old, and have always read the ST. NICHOLAS Magazine with much pleasure. I subscribed to it for two years. Since I came to Germany I have been studying hard to learn the German language. I have been here for nine months, and can read and write quite nicely. Every day for an exercise, I translate some little German story; they amuse me very much, and I thought perhaps some of your boy and girl readers would like them too. I enclose one that I translated to-day:

"THE PILGRIM."

"In a magnificent castle on the Rhine, many years ago, there lived a rich knight who spent much money in order to adorn his castle, but he did very little for the poor. One day there came a poor pilgrim who begged him for a night's lodging. The knight haughtily ordered him away, saying:

'This castle is no inn.'

'Allow me to ask you only three questions,' said the pilgrim, 'then I will go on my way.'

'I grant your request,' replied the knight.

'Who lived in this castle before you did?' asked the pilgrim.

'My father,' answered the knight.

'Who dwelt here before your father?'

'My grandfather.'

'And who will live here when you have passed away?'

'My son, if God permits.'

'Then,' said the pilgrim, 'if each one lived here only for a certain time, the castle is indeed but an inn or temporary stopping-place. Let me advise you in the future not to spend so much money in adorning a place which you occupy for such a short time; rather do good to the poor, then you may enjoy an everlasting abode in Heaven.'

The knight took these few simple words to heart. He gave the

poor pilgrim a lodging, and was from that time ever a kind benefactor to the poor."

I am studying now without a teacher, and translate with no other help than my dictionary. I may stay here for some months, and would like to tell you something about this very quaint old city. Some of the buildings have been standing for nearly eight hundred years.—Your little reader,
E. R.

New York.

DEACON GREEN—DEAR SIR: I have just finished writing the Declaration of Independence, and think, perhaps, some of the boys and girls would like to know why Charles Carroll signed himself "of Carrollton."

He was a very wealthy man, and when he was signing his name, some one said, "There goes a million, but the British won't know it." "I'll let them know," said Carroll, and signed himself of Carrollton. Hoping my "Declaration" will meet with your approval, I remain, your young friend,
S. K. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: When I was staying in the country during the summer, I had a ride on an engine, which I am now going to tell you about. One summer morning a gentleman and I thought we would like to go on a little excursion. So we got in the steam-cars and rode about twenty miles, and then got off. When we were there a short time the gentleman said to me: "Suppose we go back in an engine?" I consented at once. It was easy work to ask the engineer if we might ride, and then get on. So off we went full speed. I forgot to say that the engine had no cars attached, and was all alone. I rang the bell, pulled the whistle, and sat on the look-out. Suddenly the engineer said that a train was due at L—, and that we would have to get there so as to get on the switch track before the train came up, so we put on full steam and flew along like the wind. I was nearly shaken to pieces, the engine jarred so.

"How many minutes have we got to get there?" I asked.

"About five," the engineer replied.

I happened to look out the window and saw a train ahead of us.

"Hurry up," I said.

The engineer crowded on all steam. Suddenly the station came in sight, and we rounded the curve just as the train came up.

We rode the rest of the way in safety, and, after thanking the engineer, we returned home. A week afterward that very engine blew up, and the engineer was killed.
LELANE COLBY.

EMMA R. sent the following answer to the charade in our April number:

No wearied pilgrim seeks a shrine,
Without my first begins his prayer;
No rich man ever took his ease,
Without my second ends his care.

No sun by day, no moon by night,
Their glowing warmth and light afford
Without my third! And so, 'tis true,
My whole is mightier than the sword.

Weimar, March 28th, 1876.

I wonder how many of the youthful readers of the ST. NICHOLAS have heard anything about "Queen Louisa, of Prussia." While you in America are making such grand preparations for the celebration of our proud Centennial, we have been enjoying a little centennial with the Germans in memory of their beloved Queen Louisa. If she had lived till the 10th of March, 1876, she would have been one hundred years old. In Berlin there is a great deal to remind one of her beautiful life, and the good she accomplished, and the papers are full of little interesting incidents connected with her—stories of her childhood, and what touches a very tender chord in the German heart, the deep love she cherished for her Fatherland. The winning, loving traits of her character are dwelt upon with a peculiar pathos, and every child in Germany can but admire and respect her memory. She was queen during a period of peculiar trial. When that ambitious conqueror "The Emperor of the French," was making Germany so much trouble, Louisa trembled for the safety of her country, and so strong were her sympathies that she not only felt the trials and perplexities of her husband, King Frederick William III, but the sufferings of her beloved people. Once, not far from Weimar, she met the proud, victorious Napoleon, and tried to turn him from his course. Her beauty, loveliness and dignity impressed him deeply. He never forgot this interview, and acknowledged that his treaty with

the Germans was much more favorable than it otherwise would have been.

Another reason why the name of Louisa is so honored by the German nation is, because her son, the present Emperor (who has just celebrated his eightieth birthday), has accomplished so much for the Germans. He has won and retains the hearts of his people, and the germs of his success and patriotism were implanted by the gentle, lovely mother, who died when he was still young.

Her life is well worth studying, for, aside from her having been a noble and high-minded queen, she was a true and faithful daughter to her afflicted father; a most devoted wife and tender mother, and one of the most interesting and lovely characters that history has on record. Those who have visited that wonderful piece of art erected to her memory—the Mausoleum at Charlottenburg—in the garden of that palace which she so dearly loved, must ever remain impressed with that magical piece of marble, which but faintly suggests her exquisite loveliness.

Jean Paul wrote of her that fate had destined her to wear the flower wreath of beauty, the myrtle wreath of honor, the crown of a king, the laurel and oak-wreaths of fatherland's love, and a crown of thorns. There still awaited her the crown of glory which the God of the Christian reserves for those who love Him.

The name of Queen Louisa of Prussia has become a national symbol, her memory a legacy, and her tomb a shrine of patriotic pilgrimage. E. M. P.

Who can tell a correspondent, J. H., why salt is used in freezing ice-cream?

Madison, Wis.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Can you tell me who is the author of these lines?

"For right is right, since God is God,

And right the day must win;

To doubt, would be disloyalty—

To falter, would be sin."

Yours truly, H. M.

The above lines form the last stanza of the poem "The Right Must Win," written by Frederic William Faber.

Bath, Maine.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl, ten years old. I like the St. NICHOLAS very much. I have two sisters older than I, and a little brother younger. He is real cunning; he is not old enough to read the St. NICHOLAS, but he likes to look at the pictures. My papa is writing a book about the Douglas family, and will have it printed soon. He likes the piece "About Heraldry," in the May number of 1875, very much. I have heard him tell the verse about the Black Douglas, but not the story; he is going to have the verse printed in his book. I love flowers dearly. I have a great many gardens in the summer, and I have quite lots of plants now. I have ten bouquets at a time sometimes in the summer. I went a May-flowering the other day, but did not get many flowers. I would like to have you put my name down as a Bird-defender, although I never killed a bird nor never expect to.—Yours truly,

ALICE M. DOUGLAS.

We would like to ask a question of the Bird-defenders—not that we suppose the element of cruelty enters into the question, but because, as lovers of birds, they are supposed to know, or to be interested in searching out, many facts regarding their habits.

In reading a description of the seat of an English gentleman (Esbolt Hall, Yorkshire), we noticed this remark: "In the wood, opposite to the house, a singular circumstance in natural history occurred in 1821; three young woodcocks of one brood were brought to maturity, a fact seldom if ever ascertained."

The question is: Why was this so singular a circumstance?

Fort A. Lincoln, May 18th, 1876.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I write you from Fort Lincoln, on the west bank of the Missouri River, opposite Bismark, the terminus of the N. P. R. R. An expedition has been fitting out from here to go into the Indian country, and day before yesterday they broke camp and started off at five o'clock in the morning. I will tell you in what order they marched past the officers' quarters:

First came General Terry, who is in command of the expedition, accompanied by his staff. Next came a band of forty Arickaree scouts, mounted on Indian ponies, and singing their horrid war song, which sounded to me like "yow-yow-wow!" Then came the regimental band, playing the "Girl I left behind me." Following this came the seventh regiment of cavalry, at the head of which rode General Custer, and by his side his beautiful wife, who was to accompany him to the first camp. Next came a battery of Gatling guns, each drawn by eight horses. Last of all came three companies of infantry, which marched with resolute and steady tread. The expedi-

dition was accompanied by a train of one hundred and fifty wagons. It is going to drive Sitting Bull, and his band of hostile Sioux, on to the reservation. If it accomplishes anything wonderful, you will probably read of it in the newspapers.

Fort Lincoln is a very large Post, but we cannot go outside of it alone for fear of Indians.

As I fear I am taking too much space, I must say good-bye.

MARY A. MANLEY.

DEAR LITTLE SCHOOLMA'AM: This is a true story I am going to tell you about. We have an old Dorking rooster named Jack. He is a great pet, and, consequently, thinks he is lord and master of everything and everyone. Well, grandmamma has a brood of fine young turkeys. One day their mother died, and grandmamma was very much bothered about them. What was her surprise to see, as she was walking out on the terrace one day, old Jack with the whole brood nestling under his wings. She called us all, and we were so astonished! I think it was very funny. Dear Little Schoolma'am, what do you think?—Your loving

AMALIE.

Mumford, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In my May number of ST. NICHOLAS I find a notice of a church in Mumford, Napa County, California, which is built of petrified wood. We have in our own village of Mumford, Monroe Co., New York, a Presbyterian church which is built of a stone very similar to that you describe. The walls and tower are now complete, and we hope the church will be finished the coming season. This stone was taken from a quarry near the village, and contains a great many petrified willow leaves, twigs of cedar, mosses, etc. Some excellent specimens have been sent to the Centennial Exhibition. They are arranged in a glass case, and with them are some of the ferns and cedars which grow in a swamp near the quarry. These petrifications are, of course, very curious and beautiful; the church is visited by a great many people from all parts of the country.—Yours very respectfully,

ETHAN ALLEN.

The answer to the French riddle in our July number is as follows:

Dix mois six tu m'aime. (Ten months, six "tu's" love me.)

Adèle: Dis-moi si tu m'aime. (Adèle: Tell me if thou lovest me.)

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Seeing G. G. Sampson's questions in the May number of your Monthly respecting the "Marriage of the Adriatic," I send the following account of its origin, etc. "In the year 1173, Pope Alexander III. was so persecuted by Otho, son of Frederic Barbarossa, that he fled for safety to Venice, and, entering the monastery of St. Charis, lived for a long time in secret and unknown. When the Venetians discovered who he was, they not only treated him with great respect, but placed their army and navy at his service. In a naval battle, Otho was taken prisoner, and presented by the Venetians as a vassal to the Pope, by Sebastianus Zianus, commander of the fleet. Alexander immediately took a ring off his finger, and, giving it to the commander, told him that as long as he kept that ring he should be lord and husband of the ocean, and that he and his posterity, on the anniversary of the victory, must espouse the sea. Therefore, in memory of this grant, the custom of throwing a ring was annually observed. A splendid barge was built called the Bucen-taur, and in this magnificent ship the doge, attended by a thousand gondolas and barges, sailed to a place in the Adriatic called the Apostle Gates, situated at the entrance of the gulf. The patriarch who went with him poured holy water into the sea, and the doge then dropped a ring of great value, repeating these words: 'We espouse thee, O sea, in token of real and perpetual dominion over thee.'"

I hope this account will be satisfactory.

G. B. K.

LIZZIE M. D. sends us the following

"EPIC IN A NUTSHELL."

I'm going to write an epic,—ho! and this is the first line:
The second this, and please observe how strong it is, and fine.
And this the third: A king is born; he loves, he fights, he dies.
So, ere the fourth, the whole is told, or else the writer lies.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been making your Holiday Harbor, published in your magazine in the December number of 1874.

I used instead of card-board the wood of a strawberry box, and I find it answers the purpose, if anything, better than card-board,—provided you have a sharp knife,—for this reason, it is very hard to cut card-board, and when you do cut it, it is very hard to cut evenly; but with strawberry-box wood and a ruler, you can cut very easily. Will some of the readers of ST. NICHOLAS, that have already made the Holiday Harbor out of card-board, try strawberry boxes, and I think they will like it better than card-board, for the reason already mentioned.—Respectfully yours,

A CONSTANT READER OF ST. NICHOLAS.

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THE RIDDLE-BOX.

CONCEALED DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

The primals and finals name two summer amusements—one for girls and one for boys.

1. Marco bought the farm cheap. 2. I was in Rome on Easter Sunday. 3. I saw some gay dresses at the Carnival. 4. I expect to visit Quito this year. 5. A tour in Italy is pleasant. 6. Have you been near Naples? 7. What a grand cathedral has been built in New York!

Words having the following significations are concealed in the above: 1. A pony. 2. A Shakspearian character. 3. The last. 4. To leave. 5. A Bible name. 6. To gain by labor. 7. An appendage.

CYRIL DEANE.

SQUARE-WORD.

My first, when shot, is never hurt,
E'en though its feathers fly;
My next we do when plucking fruit
From branches hanging high;
My third we like the fruit to be
If it is fair and sound;
My fourth, a clay which painters use,
Of different colors found;
My fifth, a question you would ask
If searching something were your task. J. P. B.

INCOMPLETE SENTENCES.

FILL the first blank with a certain word, and the second with the same word beheaded.

1. My sister — went to see the —. 2. The — of the — was sixpence per pound. 3. Father — the — wagon last week. 4. In the center of the — cross was a large —. 5. The — entered the carriage and took a —. 6. She went to the —, but was not — to remain there long. 7. — can he be? He surely is not —. H. C.

METAGRAM.

I SIGNIFY to dress by heat;
But change my head, I'm good to eat.
If changed again, I am a fish,
Which, cooked, you'll find a pleasant dish.
Another head, if you should please,
The last could swim in me with ease.
Then, if you change my head again,
I mean to cause or to constrain.
Change it again, and you will find
An implement of useful kind.
Once more, and I'm on your account.
Again, my meanings will amount
To half a dictionary page;
To learn them will require an age. L. W. H.

A LITTLE STORY.

Containing 25 Hidden Cities of the United States.

It was in August, a half-century ago, that I offered for sale my farm, preparatory to going West in the fall. Rivers were not then traversed by steamers, nor the land by rail-cars, so that neither the rich nor folks who were poor could travel rapidly, as now. I was to be accompanied only by my wife, Ella, and my dog, Ponto. I purchased a chart for direction.

On a Saturday I said to my wife, "We will do our last washing to-night, and start Monday. We will take only such things as are new; have no useless articles to encumber us. We shall do very well now with but little, and perhaps sometime be rich." Monday we started, and Ponto led off for weeks through the forest, but our progress was slow. Ella rode upon horseback as well as myself. One day my horse, in attempting to drink, stepped upon a little rock, stumbled, and I nearly fell into the brook. Lynx eyes were watching, unknown to us, and had I not fallen I should have been pierced by an arrow which struck a tree just above my head with a dull bang, or thud.

Turning quickly, I discovered an Indian disappearing in the bushes; but a single shot from my pistol gave that Indian a polish which rendered unnecessary any more painting on his part. He could not have expected such a rebuff, alone though he was; but not till I pondered on my narrow escape did I begin to get mad. I, so near my future home, to be so attacked! It showed a poor prospect of the delights of a home so rural. Eight days more, and we should be at our journey's end, if no accident happened.

But the next day we were stopped by a large party of Indians armed with bows and tomahawks, who surrounded us like a mob. I let them do as they chose, for resistance was useless, and we were

taken to their village. Luckily for us, one night we were left without a guard, while they were celebrating some great event; and, in the noise and confusion occasioned by their whoops and halloos, we got off in safety. In a few days, but after many privations, we reached our long-sought-for port. Land cost nothing, and we were soon prosperous. Our harvests were prolific; level and fertile was the land which I had chosen, and I am now reaping the benefits of my toil.

Hundreds of acres of wheat, corn, and farmer's stuff, rank for the harvest, can I now call my own.

Forests were on every side when my life was in its spring;
Fields of waving grain and produce now to me their treasures bring.

GARDEE.

CHARADE.

My first is little but mighty;
My next is myself or a part;
My third you may pitch at your pleasure;
My whole you may be in your heart. L. W. H.

DOUBLE DIAMOND PUZZLE.

ACROSS: 1. A consonant. 2. A personal pronoun. 3. A bird. 4. The founder of an ancient city. 5. To besiege or attack. 6. A color. 7. A consonant.

DOWN: 1. A consonant. 2. To plunder. 3. An ancient poet. 4. Puzzles. 5. Made angry. 6. A small piece of iron used in machinery to fasten bolts. 7. A consonant. IVANHOE.

DIAGONAL PUZZLE.

My first a plant, with pods which hold
Wealth that is quickly turned to gold;
The value of my next, 'tis found,
Lies in the part beneath the ground;
My third a tree—of it we prize
The nut, and that which round it lies;
My fourth has wealth in wood and fruit,
My fifth has value in its root;
If money from my sixth be gained,
From every part 't will be obtained.

Downward, from left to right—you'll find
An acid fruit with acrid rind.

J. P. D.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

THE initials and finals name two characters in Sir Walter Scott's writings. 1. To communicate, or make known. 2. The name of a great queen. 3. Something that we could not live without. 4. One of Shakspeare's characters. 5. One of the West Indies. 6. A mixture or medley. 7. A flag or banner. ISOLA.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

THIS enigma is composed of sixteen letters. The 4, 6, 5, 7, 3 is what a young lady is very liable to become. The 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15 is useful, where open fire-places are used. The 16, 2, 9, 8 is to cast off, to let fall, or may be something near your house. The 1 is the beginning of a turtle and the end of a serpent. The whole is the name of a noble army whose mission is peace, not war.

CYRIL DEANE.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My whole is the name of a great hero.
My first is in walk, but not in run;
My second in happiness, not in fun;
My third is in spear, but not in gun;
My fourth is in light, though not in sun;
My fifth is in win, but not in won;
My sixth is in pound, and also in ton;
My seventh in spinning, but not in spun;
My eighth is in daughter, but not in son;
My ninth is in roll, but not in bun;
My tenth is in green, and also in dun. R. W. G.

BEHEADED SYLLABLES.

TAKE the first syllable from a word meaning a guide, and leave a clergyman; from a word meaning that which is correct, and leave a clergyman; from a word meaning to give, and leave a clergyman.

J. P. B.

PICTORIAL ENIGMA.

(The central picture represents the whole word, from the letters of which the words represented by the other pictures are to be formed.)



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN JULY NUMBER.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.—"Knowledge is power."

CHARADE.—Indefatigable.

PICTORIAL DIAMOND PUZZLE.—

A C E
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EASY TRANSPOSITION.—Table, Lamp, Chair.

HALF WORD-SQUARE.—PARROT
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A CHARADE FOR 1876.—Centennial.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC —Ethan Allen.

E	—urek—	A
T	—rowe—	L
H	—ul—	L
A	—gat—	E
N	—apoleo—	N

INCOMPLETE SENTENCES.—1. Study, stud. 2. Ruby, rub. 3. Flamingo, flaming. 4. Homer, home. 5. Plank, plan. 6. Farm, far.

INITIAL CHANGES.—Batch, catch, hatch, latch, match, watch.

INITIAL CHANGES.—Batch, catch, hatch, latch, match, watch.
MELANGE.—1. Pearl, earl. 2. Pearl, pear. 3. Pearl, peal. 4.

MELANGE.—1. Pearl, earl. 2. Pearl, pear. 3. Pearl, pearl. 4. Earl, Lear. 5. Pear, reap, pare. 6. Peal, leap, pale, plea. 7. Reap, rap. 8. Pear, pea. 9. Pale, ale. 10. Plea, lea. 11. Earl, ear.

BROKEN WORDS.—1. Profit, able—profitable. 2. Alter native—alternative. 3. Inn ovations—innovations. 4. Commend a Tory—commendatory. 5. Hand, led—handled.

PREFIX PUZZLE.—Prefix: Im. Impeach, impress, impanel, impair, impost, impatient, impose, implant, impart, impale, impediment, impostor.

Adelaide Underhill, M. W. Collet, Robert L. Goundyke, and Tom Loomis answered correctly all the puzzles in the June number.

ANSWERS TO SPECIAL PUZZLES: the same number were received, previous to June 18, from Willie Dibbble, Maggie B. Acheson, Eugene L. Lockwood, M. F. Rohnert, Arthur B., Brainerd P. Emery, Mamie E. Cummings, H. R. Wilson, Eddie Herbert Lewis, Florence A. Nerian, Mary H. Wilson, Jenny R. Miller, E. S. W. Blanke, E. P. S. Robinson, John R. Lapham, "Anubis" William Chauncey Hawley, "Alex" Bessie Foster, Eddie Coleman, Brenda Balmain, Alexis Coleman, May F. Southgate, May Wallace, Arthur D. Smith, Emma Elliott, Alfred Edward Vultee, S. B. H., C. W. Hornor, Jr., Harry Edmonds, Howard S. Rodgers, H. Engelbert, Arnold Guyot Cameron, Katie S. Hughes, Evelyn Dudley, Amy W. Finney, Willie E. Furber, E. D. J. Hennessy, Hattie L. Hamilton, Eleanor N. Hughes, "Apollo" Jesse A. Chase, Alma Bertram, and Lizzie Kiernan.

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